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# The National Police Gazette

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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SAVED BY A SISTER'S LOVE.

HOW THE TEARS AND PRAYERS OF A DEVOTED SISTER SAVED AN ERRING BROTHER FROM A PRISON CELL IN NEWARK, N. J.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
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**ROPE-OUT**—Howard Sullivan.

A GREAT year for the fool killer, this.

A FAIR exchange of vowels—a rope for a rape.

YALE and Princeton had their "set-to" for "points," of course.

THE removal of the tax on whisky is a pretty sure thing, it strikes us.

LOGAN isn't left as badly as Blaine. He gets a United States Senatorship.

MOTTO for New Orleans and the mouth of the Mississippi: A friend in Eads is a friend indeed.

LOUISVILLE is full of wife-whippers. This is a pleasing comment on the boasted chivalry of Kentucky.

THE largest number of policemen ever got together will take charge of the New Orleans Exposition.

THE aristocracy of Denver has been shaken to its very center by the new crusade against the gamblers.

How many wheelbarrow cranks would have paid their idiotic bets if they had been in cash, hats or dinners, eh?

THERE is quite a rush of immigrants to the Crow reservation. They are mostly disappointed politicians.

If they take the duty off sugar, taffy will be so cheap and unbearable that politicians won't find it of any further use.

A BITTER enemy of President Cleveland has sent him a 12-pound plum pudding. This is worse even than Gaulteau's crime.

WHY Mr. Burnand, editor of London Punch, is so very funny is now well understood. He has eleven unmarried daughters.

THAT Philadelphia fellow who eloped with a deaf and dumb girl had a large head. Connubial silence is frequently the refinement of gold.

MR. ST. JOHN asserts that he "will continue the fight while there is a pump left to stand on." He must be cautious, or milkmen will sour on him.

THEY'VE got a hand paddle-wheel boat on the Ohio, propelled by a pair of cranks. George Francis Train and Eli Perkins aren't missing, are they?

GEORGE ZIPP has done more to metropolitanize (good word) Brooklyn than all other agencies put together. His Casino is worthy of New York.

A COUNTRY editor, nowadays, must have a patent inside himself as well as in his paper, otherwise it is hard to see how he can get along these hard times.

HEREAFTER Superintendent Walling intends to be present at every college game of football with a view to "running in" the students when they begin to slug.

THE two boss sensational lies of the season are the new lake in the Northwest and the mineral water epidemic in Kentucky. Joe Mulhatton is altogether too busy this year.

MR. ACKLEY, a New York brewer who failed, attributes the financial troubles of his house to the fact that "the past season was a bad one for breweries." We thought that, although bad for almost any other business, it was a pretty good season for breweries. It looked as if the campaign was helping the breweries and saloons.

SOUTH CAROLINA negroes won't buy red flannel shirts any more. They regard them as Democratic symbols. And yet there are lots of well-read colored men who aren't Democrats.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND returned with thanks the youthful Newfoundland sent him by a Brooklyn admirer. He said he'd be dog-goned if he wanted to be spoken of as a puppy-lar President.

ANOTHER Western editor has been left a fortune by a Scotch uncle. Eastern editors usually have uncles of the Hebrew brand—and always get left by them—if they don't pay their interest annually.

FRANK JAMES, the hero of Missouri, is out on bail again, some of the jurymen who tried him leaving the box to sign his bond. Only the Ford boys can do the James' justice in Missouri. The law is powerless.

LORD COLERIDGE paid his daughter \$400 a year to keep an eye on the cook. He was so afraid he'd get his sausages fried instead of broiled. Now it turns out that he has cooked his own goose only too well.

THE Sullivan Club is a strong organization made up, exclusively, of Sullivans. John L. is a pretty strong Sullivan on his own individual account, but even he isn't as strong as the club of Captain Williams.

A NICK prison, the county jail of Lancaster, Pa., where the dungeon-cells are supposed to be of the solitary confinement kind. The males and females detained therein have full and free access to one another.

WE notice with some surprise that the annual report of United States Treasurer Wyman states that he is unable to use silver dollars. If Mr. Wyman will please send on his silver dollars we will use them for him.

A PAMPHLET just printed in England is being widely read, the title being, "How to Live on a Shilling a Week." What many in England would like to know, probably, is how and when they can earn the shilling.

NOW that Mr. De Young, of the San Francisco Chronicle, is recovering from his wounds and is likely to be around again in a few days, we would advise the Spreckles family to provide themselves with boiler-iron vests.

SIXTY Harvard freshmen have dropped their Latin, eighty their Greek and one hundred their mathematics. None of them have dropped their baseball or their boating, however, and college culture is still safe.

THE Vermont Legislature refused to increase the Governor's salary from \$1,000 to twice that amount, but generously made it \$1,500. When a man in the Green Mountain State gets \$3 per day he is called a bloated bondholder.

IN Bombay they give convicts sentenced to death a choice between swallowing cholera microbes and the gibbet. It's only a question of collarer, anyhow, but most of the convicts prefer the rumor of a microbe to real noose.

LAWYER LOUIS F. POST, the prominent Labor Party politician, and several others have organized a company in New York city to publish a newspaper to be called *The Dawn*. That is to say Louis Post-script will be seen at Dawn.

THE negro girl-raper and murderer, Howard Sullivan, made the usual gallowsspeech. He "forgave" the sheriff for hanging him and announced that he expected to have a good time in heaven with the angels. It is dread of this sort of company in the next world which makes a fellow a little indifferent about getting there. Better annihilation than a paradise made up of Tombs cut-throats and Sing Sing jail-birds.

WINTER is coming on, and all far-seeing men will begin to make preparations. We have made ours. On our desk are four revolvers of the most approved pattern, in our belt is a murderous-looking knife, while at our left is a Gatling gun trained on the entrance to the sanctum. The idea is to give a proper reception to the first person who comes up to offer a "suggestion" for a front-page block.

SOME "pious" liar started a report recently that Bob Ingersoll's son had died crazy in a lunatic asylum and that his insanity was produced by reading trashy novels. To which Col. Ingersoll replies:

1. The colonel's son was not addicted to novel-reading of any kind.
2. His mind, of course, was not weakened thereby, and he did not become insane.
3. He was not removed to an asylum.
4. He did not die.
5. No funeral oration was ever delivered over his body.
6. The colonel has not, and never had, a son.

"OH, yes," said the collegian, "football, when no one is actually killed, is a very healthy sport. Broken limbs, missing ears and blackened eyes are simply exhilarating episodes of the game."

SEVEN Chicagoans are now able to take their brandy straight, who registered together a solemn vow when Hayes was elected not to touch liquor again until a Democrat was elected.

IT is a long lane that has no end. Alex. Shearer, of the Annapolis branch of the Halifax Union Bank, has absconded to the United States. The defalcation was light, however. The Canadian bank officials are only primitive in the art.

THOMAS HENDRICKS was injured very badly at a runaway accident in Lena, Ill., recently. Thomas Hendricks was also hurt at an interview with President-elect Cleveland the other day. The diffident Thomas Hendricks must be out of repair.

EASTWARD the dreadful lyncher takes his way. He has now set up business in Maryland, as usual taking his victim out of the custody of the officers of the law. There are times when his Honor, Judge Lynch, is quite a useful and practical reformer.

A MEMBER of the Providence Baseball Club was requested to play with a Washington organization for next year. He offered to do so for a certain sum if he could also have a position in one of the departments. That gentleman was evidently off his base.

THE Woman Suffragists get off a good many frozen truths in their addresses. At their recent convention, held in Chicago, a speaker said there was "no criminal so vile but that he helped to make the laws of the land if he happened to be outside of the penitentiary."

IN their fight with the French the Chinese are developing unique methods of warfare. For surprising outposts a favorite way is to leap on the sentinel from behind, seize his throat with the teeth and sever the carotid artery at a single bite. Verily, "the heathen Chinese is peculiar."

THEY'VE got original ideas of society intelligence in Cincinnati. Here is a paragraph from the *Enquirer* of that city:

"Miss Maggie Garroghy, a Mount Vernon girl, has created something of a sensation by running away from home and entering a bagnio in this city. She is in a delicate condition, and says her lover left her in the lurch. She refuses to go home."

"Something of a sensation" is good—very good.

#### THAT SLUGGING MATCH.

The game of football played by elevens representing Yale and Princeton, must have proved an interesting affair to District Attorney Olney when he read of its details in next morning's newspapers. To a soul so gentle, so scholarly and so refined, the discovery that well-bred collegemen are nothing loath to exchange black eyes and bloody noses over an innocent field sport, must have come with shocking violence.

It will be remembered that Mr. Olney was made more than usually sensitive by thoughts of the horribly demoralizing effect on youthful minds of a few "rib-roasters," taps on the law and other incidental accidents of the other manly sport of boxing. In the honesty of his wrath Mr. Olney decided that no men professionally inured to rough handling should thus deprave "young gentlemen."

But, bless his honest heart, here are the "young gentlemen" themselves spreading the deadly influence of brutality and bloodshed broadcast over American youth. They are not professional athletes who are as willing to receive as to give, but embryo clergymen, lawyers, doctors—possibly future district attorneys—who assail each other in the sacred name of football and, to take a goal, knock out their eager opponents with vigor and ferocity.

It is, indeed, a painful predicament for Mr. Olney.

At the same time it suggests to the "professional" person who spars and wrestles and otherwise earns a precarious living by his main strength that there is a means of escape out of his own present perplexities. He sees, for example, that when pugilists are engaged to box at private clubs by gentlemen of wealth and distinction they can "fight to a finish" without let or hindrance by the police. He sees, also, that when the college teams want to indulge in a little rough and sanguinary horseplay they can do so by professing to be engaged in a game of football.

Clearly, in view of these facts, the "professional" boxer will soon realize that if he wants to practice his art unmolested he must become a member in good standing of the Racquet Club, or enter next term as a freshman at Princeton or Yale. They'll all be doing it, sure.

#### SPORTIVE PERSONALS.



Maud S. weighs 946 pounds.

Fred. Archer shoots ahead always.

James Burke, pitcher for the Boston Unions last season, is in quest of an engagement.

J. Milton Davis, one of the leading amateurs of Chicago, is now secretary of the Chicago Horseman Newspaper Co.

William Sexton was in Boston recently to attend the funeral of Mrs. James Sexton, his sister-in-law, who was buried Nov. 22.

G. H. Hosmer will be the partner of Jacob Gaudaur in the double-scutt race during the Exposition regatta at New Orleans.

Frank H. Mountain signed Nov. 20 a contract to play with the Pittsburgh Club next season. Swartwood has not yet signed.

Jake Schaefer was banqueted at Delmonico's by Joe Dixon and Maurice Daly on the 25th of November as a cordial "send off" on his trip West.

The cable was brought into requisition last week to invite here a French professional, who may not come, but who will be heartily welcomed if he does.

Charles Reppenhagen, of the Kill von Kull House, Port Richmond, S. I., writes us that he intends shortly to give a pool tournament for \$500 in prizes.

It is by no means certain that Daly and Sexton will not before many moons enter into a match at cushion-carroms. If so, there will be music by Orlan's band.

Jockey Garrison piloted four horses in succession to victory at Brighton Beach, Nov. 21, thus equaling the record of James McLaughlin and Johnny Caldwell on the same track.

Tom Ochiltree is going into the stock-breeding business and expects to turn out good thoroughbreds. Thomas, albeit a trifle too auburn for strict beauty, is a thoroughbred himself.

H. M. Enright, Pennsylvania pool-player, gave an exhibition at Smith's parlors, Penn Yan, N. Y., Nov. 18. It was witnessed by a large number of our village "sports," writes our Penn Yan correspondent.

Jim Keenan, the boss "genial boniface" of them all, and a chap so comfortably fixed that he oozes thousand-dollar bills at every pore, is the subject of our sketch this week. What James can't and won't do in the betting line isn't worth mentioning.

H. W. Gaskell, the English amateur cyclist, who was seen at the Springfield tourney, was on Nov. 8 complimented with a banquet by his fellow-members of the Ranelagh Harriers, London. The spread took place at the Fox and Hounds, Putney, ninety participating.

In Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, Eugene Carter endeavored to discount John Thatcher at cushion-carroms for \$50 and failed. He also failed to play "safe" enough to win a bet that Thatcher would not average 2. The winning average was a fraction beyond 2½.

Major J. D. Ferguson, secretary of the Maryland Jockey Club since its organization and a very efficient and popular officer, has determined to resign that position. It is understood that he is impelled to take this action by something that occurred about the time of the fall meeting, and which gave him offense.

"Dude" Esterbrook covered himself with glory during the past season. He is virtually the leading batsman, and is also near the top of the list as a third-baseman in the American Association. His new overcoat, trimmed with sealskin, is said to be the handsomest worn by any living baseball-player, and he is correspondingly happy.

Dr. F. W. Carver, who has been traveling with his "Wild West Show" in the West and South, expects to go to New Orleans next month and give an exhibition at the World's Fair, by attempting to shoot 5,000 balls in 500 minutes. Dr. Carver intends to leave for Europe in March and to take with him a new and extensive Wild West Show.

William Sullivan, the center-fielder of the Holyoke Club in 1878 and 1879, dropped dead Nov. 13 at his place of business in Holyoke, Mass. He was about thirty-one years of age. After playing with amateur nines for several seasons he was engaged by the representative professional club of Holyoke in 1875, and was retained the next season. He also played with the Manchester (N. H.) Club during the latter part of the season of 1878. The cause of his death was apoplexy. Billy was a genial fellow, and leaves many friends mourning his untimely death.



## DRAMATIC DOINGS.

### And Other Gossip About the Histrionic Curiosities of the Modern Stage.

The nursery of the modern American actor is not hard to find. And when you do find it, if you go about your search in a spirit of sentimental or romantic enthusiasm you will be, most certainly, subjected to a severe disappointment.

Everybody knows the various phases and stages through which the butterfly has to proceed from its original egg to its final condition of brief but glittering splendor. Very similar are the development and evolution of the modern American actor.

Perhaps, some day, you are standing on Union



The first step.

square waiting for a cross-town bobtail car. As you linger and grow impatient, you are conscious of being surrounded, elbowed, jostled, stared out of countenance and generally spurned and despised by a set of animated fashion plates. Most of these vivid and sentient illustrations of the prevalent style are a trifle dinky and worn out. They have apparently been on show a little too long. But they are none the less striking and picturesque.

Their coats, their hats and their canes are, at all events, reasonably new and fresh.

To the unaccustomed eye these brilliant creatures look a bit ungainly and loud, and their manners don't impress one as courteous or gentlemanly in any marked degree.

Yet they are actors all of them—fellows who cordially and completely impersonate of an evening kings and dukes and barons and marquises and other great fry. Some of them wear crowns as often as they do derby hats, and most of them handle scepters at some time or another as easily and indifferently as other men brandish their umbrellas.

Whence, then, comes this gorgeous flock of histrionic butterflies? How is it generated? What is the chrysalis actor like? In what mysterious pool waddle the tadpoles which burst out into such magnificent bullfrogs?

Gentle—and, for that matter, ungente—reader, drop down, not from the clouds, but from a street car in the neighborhood of Printing House Square. There shall you see a ring of urchins, most of them professors of the art of bootblackening and newspaper-hawking, squatted, in general, on their various wares. In the center of the shrill and noisy circle shall you perceive a limber young rascal, all rags, dirt and self-satisfaction, repeating for the delight of observing youth the songs and dances which he has "taken in" at some variety show on the merry Bowery. His exhibition is without money and without price. He is, in very sooth, an amateur, doing it all for nothing else than sheer unadulterated love of his art.

Follow him up. In a couple of months he has ex-



In the concert-saloon.

ceeded the narrow limits of his little audience on the sidewalk and become the favorite unpaid performer of a concert saloon on the chief thoroughfare of our Orient. The admiration of half-drunken sailors and countrymen provides him with frequent refreshment of the liquid sort—but for the sterner and more substantial necessities of life the artist, in his novitiate, must go hang.

Some day the fame of his "impersonations" is wafted, like a suspicion of garlic, into the managerial office of a regular "variety show," still on the Bowery. The regular variety manager drops into the humble theatre in which the tyro "performs" on speculation, and forthwith strikes a bargain with him for his services.

From that moment the recent newsboy or boot-black ranks as a "professional," and puts on corresponding airs, albeit his salary may not exceed the trivial sum of one dollar per night.

It is a curious and significant fact that the "entered apprentice," so to speak, of variety always begins his "professional" career as "a negro delineator." True that he "delineates" no kind, sort, race or brand of "negro," known upon this or any other continent.



He "delineates."

True, also, that in no solitary particular does his "negro delineation" differ from the "negro delineations" of all other "negro delineators" on the Bowery boards.

Still, in spite of all these circumstances, the "professional" always starts out by "delineating" the indelible and impossible "negro."

From this first pollywog phase he passes into other forms and through other grades of artistic "impersonation." At various times he "delineates" Dutchmen, Jews, Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen—and old women—all so equally preposterous that they seem to be always one and the same invariable "delineation." He also acquires—and mixes up to an extent passing description and comprehension—all manner of dialects and accents. Thus does he become a Bowery favorite



"On the prowl."

and the fame of him goes, by way of the booking office of Mr. Richard Fitzgerald, up and down and all over this great republic.

It is at this period of his budding greatness that he poses gracefully in front of the establishment in which he is "delineating" and contrives how he shall, in due time, display his charms of person, dress and conversation, on the envious and adorable sidewalk of Union square. To be publicly identified on the "Rialto" by virtue of his clothes, his diamonds, his bearing and his conversation, as an "actor" of the "legit" department, the crowning object of all his ambitions and his aspirations.

To insure that final and most desirable triumph, the hitherto all-conquering "delineator" must, get a play and then, with the help and sustenance of an angelic backer, "go on the road" therewith.

It is equally easy to find both backer and playwright. There is hardly a popular gin-mill or dive in the neighborhood of Union square which does not flow



He is measured for a play.

over with backers and playwrights. Each has an equally insatiable appetite for rum and intimacy with actors, no matter how lowly their class or station. In due time and in consideration of the sum of \$25 to

him in hand paid, the brilliant but unwashed and horribly-insolvent Mr. Grunter visits the "delineator" in his "palatial" quarters at the St. Vitus House on Great Jones street, and there eagerly imbibes the suggestions and the gin-fizzes which are showered upon him by his gifted and gaudy customer.

The play is finished. Its author pockets and speedily disburses the \$75 which finally requite him for his ingenious toll.

And then the "delineator," a "delineator" no longer, but a fully-developed and unspeakably radiant star of the strictly "legit" class, bursts like an aerolite on the astonished gaze of the "provinces."



Won at last!

His first summer vacation "on the Square," as an "actor" equipped to fire the female heart and confound masculine envy, may be but of brief duration—but its joys are as deep and glorious as those of Paradise itself.

## STAGE WHISPERS.

Pauline Hall has been "statued" by Rupert Schmitt.

"Allie Lingard" is what she signs herself now. It is an alias for Alice.

Ciprico, the barber-author, has got himself into the hottest kind of a hot box.

Rose Coghlan's mamma has come from England to live with her and take care of her.

Ed. Clayburgh says that the Creole company is doing a capital business on the road.

"Ulcerated Sore Throat" has knocked out Lisetta Ellanl. This is a new name for bad business.

There seems to be a general impression that Eric Bayley is tending bar somewhere on the west side.

Leona Dare's false teeth are said to have caused, by slipping, the fall and death of her partner, M. George.

Billy Gill receives \$100 a week as his royalty on Almee's "Mam'zelle." Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—ha!

Poor Katharine Lewis! Her jewels were sold lately for debt for \$400. Luck is indeed against her nowadays.

It is said that Miss Fortescue will star in America so soon as Lord Garmoyne plays his little breach of promise bill.

A dramatic paper says: "A press agent's ability to stand against a bar for six hours at a stretch is one of his strongest points."

In New England they have earthquakes and in Pennsylvania they have to put up with Lena Aberle. It looks like a stand-off.

Almee, so 'tis said, refuses to get married until she is a grandmother. This is a statement which, so it seems to us, needs elucidation.

Mme. Ponist's husband, Sam Wallis, has just died. It rather staggers one to read that he departed this life at the ripe age of seventy-two.

"Jumbo" has turned out ugly and dangerous and is kept chained night and day. Wonder if P. T. B. will allow him to parade next season, eh?

John Preposterous Smith has fallen a victim to the seductive eloquence of Bob Graham, and will back him in his new play. John P. usually backs—out.

Bella Moore, a pretty woman and a clever actress, is making lots of money with "A Mountain Pink" down South. This is the play which the New York critics killed when it was produced at the Comedy theatre.

The success of the season, so far, is Dan Sully's "Corner Grocery." It is praised by all the newspaper critics, and the public everywhere goes in swarms to see it.

Mittens Willetts is married to Henry Averling. We congratulate them both, and only hope in their behalf that they will return the compliment by ceasing to play tragedy.

A belief prevails among Union Square theatre patrons that the trick-chairs which adorn the auditorium were designed to trap and hold in place between act clove-hunters.

Fred. De Bellyville gave Paul Arthur a handsome diamond pin the other day. Freddie is a very generous fellow when it comes to giving away things—especially himself.

Carlotta Patti, who is confined to her house in Paris with a broken leg, the result of a carriage accident, will come to this country next season under management of Max Strakosch.

Fanny Ellsler is dead at last. That is, one of the thirty Fanny Ellslers before the public is dead. The other twenty-nine, being ballet-dancers also, have several centuries yet before them.

Michael Heumann has made such an extraordinary success of his National theatre that he has received several offers to come on to Broadway. Two capitalists want to build for him.

Poor John Goldberg was buried by the Actors' Fund. If certain popular writers on dramatic subjects had paid their wash bills, the family would have been able to pay his funeral expenses.

"Billy" Harris, who used to be Maggie Mitchell's leading man for years, goes under W. W. Kelly's management with Grace Hawthorne. The rest of Kelly's company are equally first-class.

Rustler Clayburgh is pushing Helen Blythe to the very front rank as an attraction. Her performance of the tear-compelling heroine of "East Lynne" is preferred in the West to that of Clara Morris.

In consequence of the rush of outsiders to behold the interior beauties of the new Lyceum theatre the management has resolved that no person be admitted until the house is opened to the public.

M. B. Curtis and his wife are doing an immense business on the road. Wherever they go they are accompanied by their wonderful parrot, "Sam." A more marvelous bird never asked for a cracker.

Sadie Martinot (maiden name Sarah Martin) has settled down to achieve fame and fortune as a photographers' model. It is quite as easy and intellectual as acting, and the money is sure every time.

Orlando, better known as "Sody" Tompkins, proprietor of the Boston theatre, is dead. He died of rheumatism of the heart, and thus practically and finally settled beyond all dispute that he had a heart.

Poor Barry and Fay! Here's Hugh Fay sick to death of consumption, and Billy Barry broken down with paralysis. Who will say, after this, that Len Grover's comedies are not fatal to their purchasers.

A. M. Palmer is one of the few real gentlemen engaged in the dark industry known as theatrical management. He has just lost his infant daughter and won a suit against Monty Field, of the Boston Museum.

A boy named Whitesides is playing "Hamlet" in the wild West. It is stated that his physique is slight, but he shows considerable fire and intelligence. An audience would show intelligence by firing the youngster.

Harry Sargent has concluded that he was mistaken in his estimate of Mme. Janisch's great stage talents, and has sold out (?) his interest in that lady's stage career. The size of Harry's hat is said to have undergone quite a shrinkage lately.

Frankie Kemble has recovered from her accident. She was hit by a trunk which rolled on her and hurt her badly. If she had been a burlesque actress the trunk wouldn't have been very weighty and she wouldn't have suffered any.

It is gossiped that Gerald Eyre and Miss Mollie Fuller are to be married on New Year's Day. No account seems to be taken by the gossipers of Mrs. Barbara Eyre, the present ruler of Mr. Gerald Eyre's somewhat scattered household.

Charles A. Payne, who was arrested on complaint of Ida Hickey, charging him with the larceny of two gold watches, was honorably discharged in the General Sessions. As a rule, actors are seldom honorably discharged by police magistrates.

Robert Buchanan says that he can't get along at all in this country as a literary man. The meals are too infrequent and insubstantial. It takes at least three breakfasts and two dinners before 10 o'clock every day to get him in proper shape for work.

A part of Charley Loder's costume gave way during his act last week, which necessitated the immediate use of a strap, and afforded him a happy chance to remark that he was "busted before" and strapped "now"—a side "gag" which came in very cleverly.

The Grace Hawthorne Company, W. W., better known as "Catch-on Kelly," manager, includes Wm. Harris, Wm. Mitchell, David Hanchett, Chas. T. Vincent, Jas. R. Garey, C. H. Thompson, Nellie Whitman, Bessie Bernard, Bertie Willis, Nina Norton—good artists, all.

One of the best and brightest fellows ever connected with the variety profession was lost to it when "Jimmy" Clapp died suddenly last week. A kindly creature as ever lived and as gentle as a woman. Everybody who knew him will lament his death as a personal loss.

The San Francisco Argonaut gives the following satirical synopsis of "Called Back":

Act I.—"My God! He is blind!"  
Act II.—"My God! She is mad!"  
Act III.—"My God! She is sane!"  
Act IV.—"My God! He is dead!"

Frank Sanger frankly admits that he is a lucky man. Few managers have progressed so rapidly. All his companies are doing a large business. The "Bunch of Keys" is turning people away at the Mount Morris. Charles Bowser and Eugene Canfield are evidently the mainstay of the "Bunch." And the other two "Bunches" are little inferior in make-up.

Fred. Gilbert, said to be the manager of a bogus dramatic agency, was arrested last Monday. H. F. Farley, of Newark, gave Gilbert \$25 in anticipation of obtaining a position at \$12 a week in the Anti-star Minstrel Show. Gilbert said that several other young men were interested with him, and that they traveled from city to city in the course of their operations.

Leading papers of the country have of late devoted much space to sorrowful regrets that American actresses age rapidly. Press writers must have lost sight of Maggie Mitchell and Lotta, who have struggled during several generations to attain their thirtieth year, while poor Mary Anderson has had a hard time for seven years to reach her twenty-first birthday.

In consequence of ex-Parson George C. Miln's current tragic attempt at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, not having incited the critics to his standard of press puffery, he has published the following card: "I appeal from the press to the people—from the newspaper which bleeds or bites to the public which applauds and pays." The stupid public has not responded, and the bleeding and biting press maliciously continues to point out Mr. Miln's stage defects.





GIDDY SCHOOL-GIRLS.

A BEVY OF BOSTON SCHOOL-GIRLS HAVE A JOLLY TIME BY THEMSELVES IN A SMOKING-CAR.

#### Chained in the Street.

On the 14th ult. a cruel spectacle was witnessed in the streets of Seattle, Washington Territory. One of the city street gang refused to work, and he was instantly chained to a lamp-post by order of the authorities. A great crowd collected to see the shameful act, and loud indignation was expressed by the bystanders. The local journal pertinently asks: "Does our city think that is the proper way to punish a criminal?"

#### Giddy School-Girls.

On one of the trains bound from Boston to New York on the 29th ult. there was a crowd of girls. They were evidently from some college or boarding-school near Boston, as they occupied two Boston and Albany cars, which they had all to themselves. There was a crowd of Yale students at the station who left on the

same train. Most of them were looking for a smoking-car, and when they saw dainty clouds of smoke pouring through the windows of these cars they naturally thought they were smoking-cars. When they tried the doors and found they were locked they wondered, and their wonder was increased to intense curiosity when they saw there was nobody but girls in the cars, and that several of them were smoking cigarettes. A crowd of the students clustered on the platform and looked longingly into windows of the cars where they would like to be. That the girls were from some college was made further evident because many of them wore society pins, and the appearance of the crowd was that peculiar to college boys except that these wore dresses. Several were playing cards but none were drinking, at least an inquisitive reporter who was attracted by the sight and who rode on the platform of one of the cars to Bridgeport saw no bottles.

Indulgence in the smaller vices could not be attributed to the whole crowd, as out of fifty or so girls in the car not more than ten, who were in the corner, were indulging in these scholarly traits. Cigarettes were the only things the girls smoked. They had neither cigars nor pipes. Several of them had dainty cigarette-holders, and a couple of them were evidently meer-

schaums and had seen use, as the dainty light brown coloring showed. The girls seemed to be having a quiet, enjoyable smoke in a quiet, dignified, Boston sort of way.

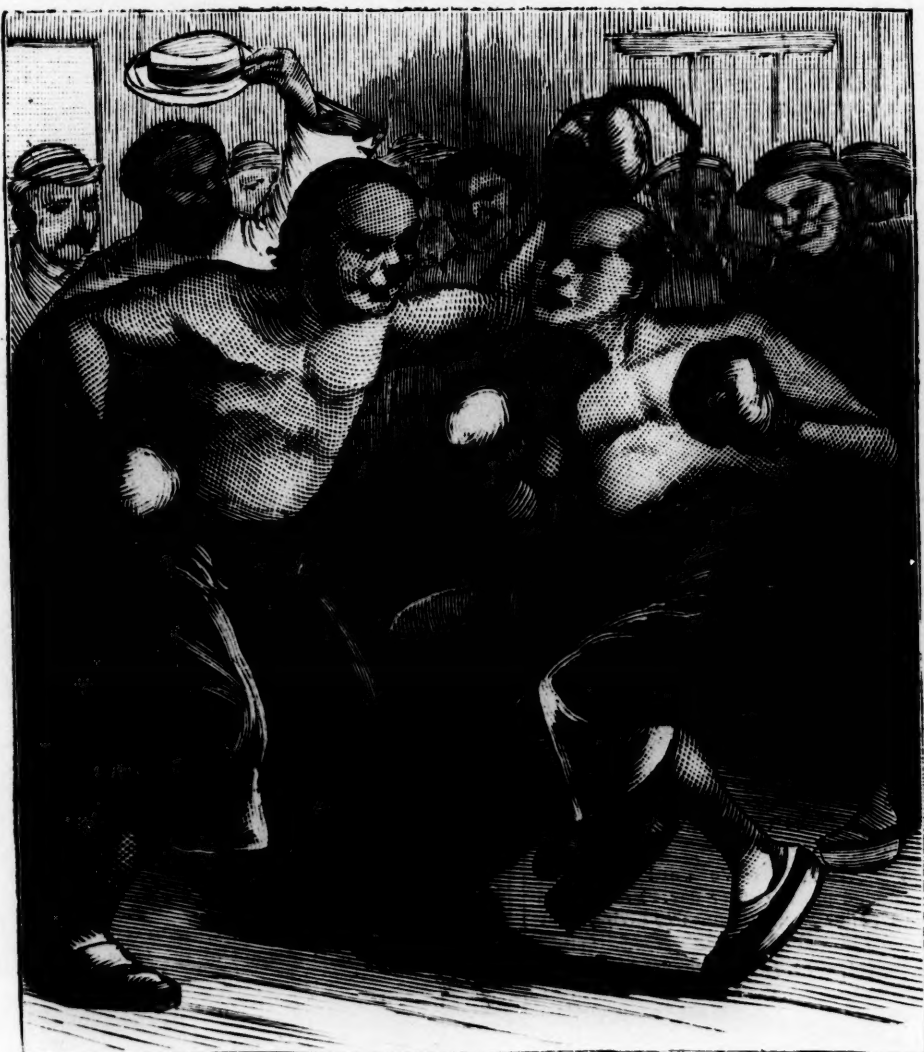
THE wheelbarrow fiend continues to wheel. The POLICE GAZETTE daily receives requests from all parts to publish pictures of these events.



BELLA MOORE,

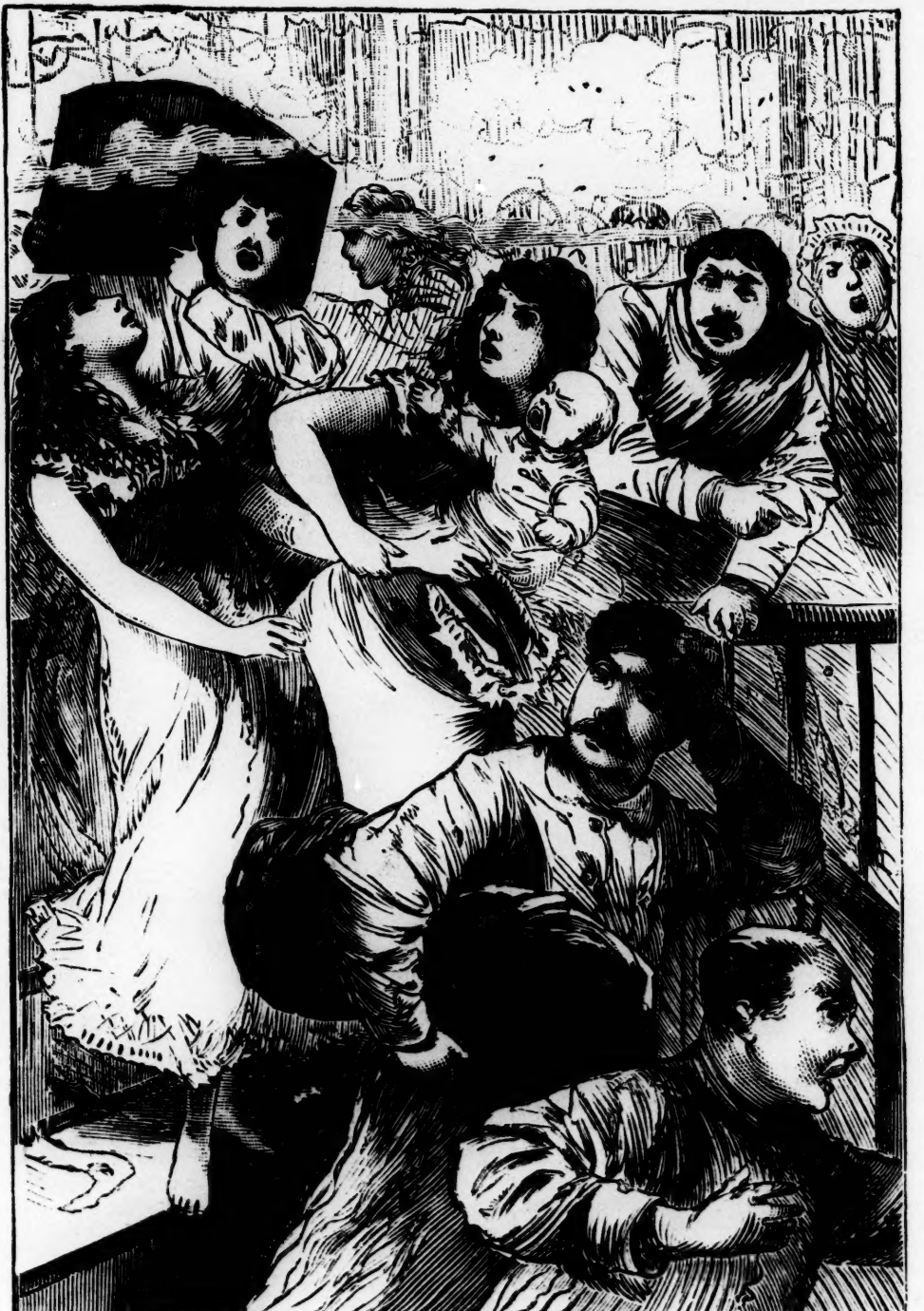
THE BRIGHT YOUNG ACTRESS OF THE "MOUNTAIN FINE" COMPANY.

[Photo by Falk.]



CELESTIAL SLUGGERS

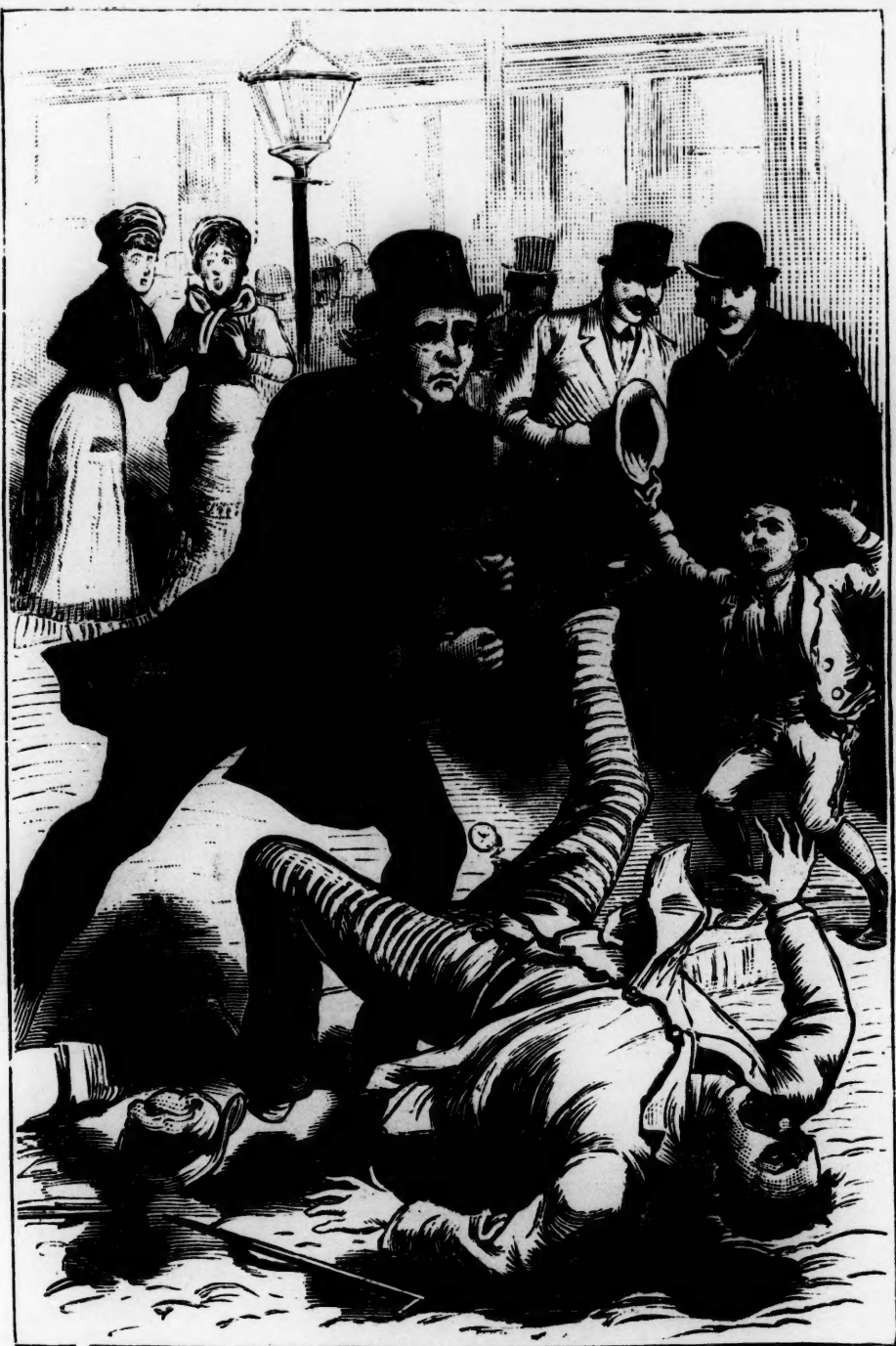
THE LIVELY MULL THAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN TWO ALMOND-EYED "BAD MEN," IN DENVER, COL.



FRIGHTENED BY CIRCLING FLAMES.

PANIC IN A PITTSBURGH HOTEL, WHICH MADE SOME LIVELY EXPOSURES OF FEMALE ROBES DE NUIT.





PASTOR AND EDITOR.

AN ATHLETIC PASTOR OF LOGANSPOUT, IND., PRACTICES MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY AND KNOCKS OUT AN OFFENDING EDITOR.

#### Crushed by a Boulder.

Theodore Ludwig, proprietor of the hotel at Castleton Corners, S. I., met with a horrible death on the 25th or 26th ult. The exact time of his death is not known. Mr. Ludwig has a large farm near the hotel. He went out on the former day with a spade, telling the family that he was going to dig something. He did not re-

turn that night. The folks paid no attention to that fact, as Mr. Ludwig frequently went out driving, and did not return over night. On the afternoon of the 26th a friend called for Mr. Ludwig. It was then discovered that all the horses were in the stable. Search was made about the place for the missing man. Piercing screams from Mrs. Ludwig brought the searching party hurriedly to her. It was after dark,



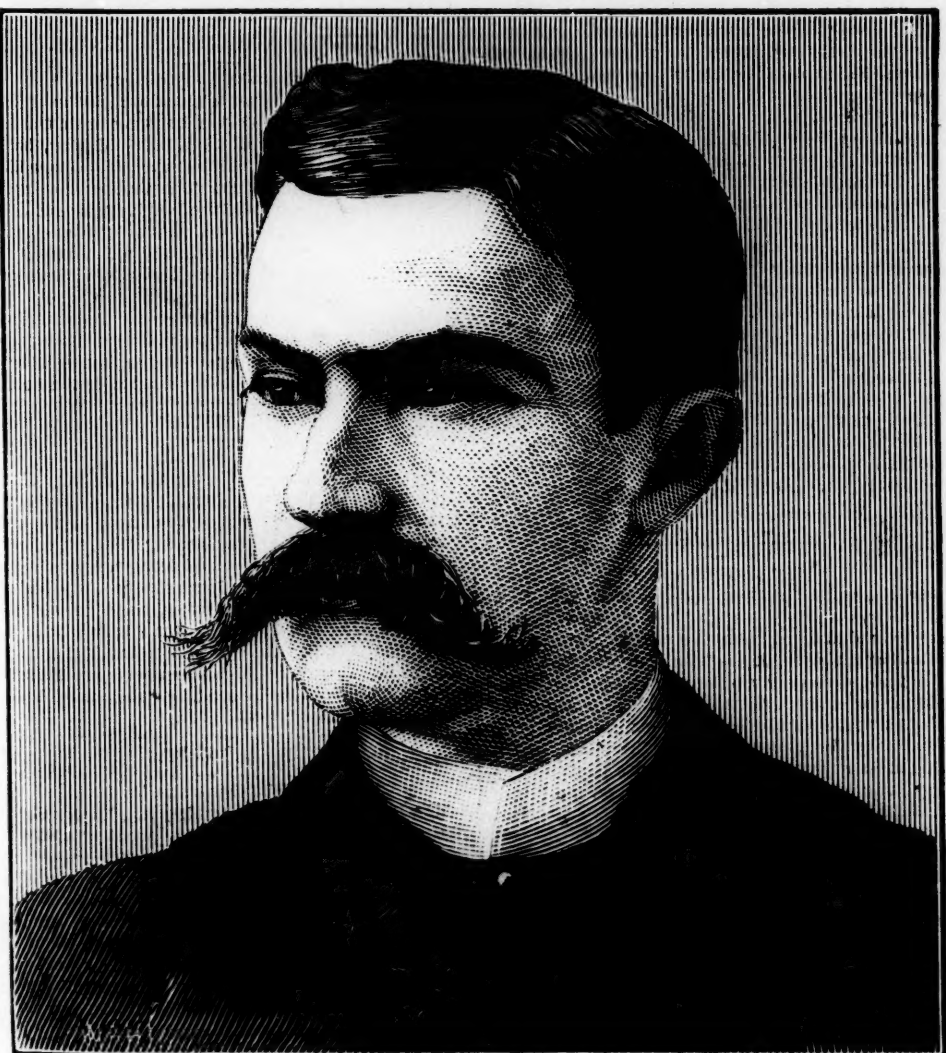
HAMLET AT A FIRE.

A MIMIC TRAGEDY NEARLY BECOMES A REAL ONE, BUT HENRY IRVING KEEPS COOL IN THE FACE OF DANGER.

and they all carried lanterns. The rays from Mrs. Ludwig's lantern revealed to the others the pale face of Mr. Ludwig turned upward from a large and newly-dug hole in the ground. The woman had fainted beside the corpse of her husband. A huge boulder was resting against the chest of Mr. Ludwig. His tongue and eyes protruded, and his face was discolored.

An examination of the spot showed that the

unfortunate man had dug a large hole under the boulder, intending to bury it. He had dug too far and undermined the rock, which fell upon him with crushing force, and jammed him so hard he could make no outcry for help. How long he lived after the accident could not be discovered. It took ten men and a derrick to hoist the stone away before the body could be extricated.



JOHN F. DONNELLY,

THE GENIAL AND POPULAR BUSINESS MANAGER.

[Photo by Falk.]



CRUSHED BY A BOULDER.

THE SINGULAR ACCIDENT BY WHICH A WELL-TO-DO STATEN ISLANDER MET WITH A PAINFUL DEATH.



## CITY SIDE-SHOWS.

Some Samples of the Small Stuff  
Found Floating on the  
Civic Tide.

A GREAT DAY AT GABE CASE'S.

The hog that was to be guessed for at Gabe Case's Thanksgiving Day was mistaken for an Alderman, and the crowd began guessing on Gabe himself. The face of the hog was enough to deceive an Albany investigating committee and the size of Gabe was enough to deceive the guessers.

"If I didn't see that hog heading a torchlight procession less than a month ago," said Sam Sniffen, "I'll wear a linen duster all winter."

"And if I didn't see Gabe eating corn less'n a week ago," said Jess Smith, of Fire Island fame, "I'll wear a fur beaver all next summer."

Gabe and the hog were brought face to face, and then it was apparent that they were two separate, distinct and unrelated objects, one a person and the other an animal. That did not stop the guessing on Gabe, and it took some little time to convince the crowd that he was not to be killed with the hog.

"I'll bet a hundred dollars to a plug hat," said Ed. Kearney, the Tammany sachem, "that Gabe, dressed, weighs a ton."

"Well, I'll bet two plug hats to a dollar," said Senator John Fox, "that Gabe squeals more and kicks harder than the hog."

"Gentlemen," said Ren McMahon, "all bets on Gabe are declared off. He isn't going to be killed."

"The deuce you say," said Sachem Kearney and Senator Fox in one breath and in tones of disappointment.

The unsuspecting hog, as black as a Congo negro and as fat as a Bowery museum curiosity, was led out as unsuspectingly as if it were going to vote on a Broad-



A Case of great gravity.

way franchise resolution. A butcher felt around where its collar ought to have been and jabbed a knife into its neck. A red stream ran off to dye the waters of Cromwell's Creek, and the hog sank down to give up the ghost. It made a great fuss about it though, and the people in the upper part of the city thought from the noise some High Bridge boy had been caught cutting down a cherry-tree. Finally the hog ceased kicking and it was deluged with hot water and its coat of black bristles was scraped off. Then it was strung up in the grove between two whitewashed trees and dressed. Guesses and bets were made until the fate of two or three fortunes hung on the weight of the hog. The scales were adjusted. Some of the crowd still wanted to hook them into the waistband of Gabe's trousers, but they were attached to the hog after a little parleying and on the protest of Gabe. They made the weight of the hog 533 pounds. Johnny Murphy, the driver, and Fred. Ridabock, the horseman, had each guessed 535. They were the nearest guessers. Murphy also guessed 513 and Ridabock made other guesses of 565, 589, 603 and 645. Gabe bought the hog of them on account of the memories clinging around it. There were thirty-eight guesses of over 500 and twenty-six of over 600 pounds. F. Harvey guessed the highest, 694, and S. F. Sniffen guessed the lowest, 449. The others nearest to the weight were G. P. Ferguson, 517, and F. Perrine, 547. There were seventy-two guesses on the list.

FANTASTIC URCHINS FEAST.

Forty or more youngsters, attired in masks and grotesque garments, were marching through Tompkinsville, S. I., Thanksgiving Day. A transparency at the end of the column intimated that the company was



A feast of fantasy.

called the Junior Fantastics. A life and drum added to the martial appearance of the affair. At Arletta and Bay streets an open baker's wagon approached the bilious youths. The life frightened the horse. The animal shied, upset the wagon, and about two pies to each of the urchins were spread broadcast on the highway.

The rattle of the drum suddenly ceased. The notes of the life as abruptly terminated. The transparency lay at once on its side. The martial tread of the embryo host changed to a triple-quick toward the heap of smashed and demoralized pies. The baker looked crestfallen, yet amused, at the onslaught of the youngsters upon this unexpected Thanksgiving feed.

A LARGE BATCH OF O'SHAYS.

Chief Clerk Tom McQuade stood in the rotunda in Castle Garden, the other day, when Patrick and Bridget O'Shay approached him with seven little O'Shays behind them.

"Av you plase, yer Honor," spoke Patrick O'Shay,



All the O'Shays.

"and is this the city of Amerikay? Hould on, Bridget O'Shay, and let the gintleman spake. And if it plase yer worship, me and the dharling has come from Ballana, County Mayo, Oireland, your sowl."

Tom McQuade and his assistant, Kilroy, who had been petting the seven little O'Shays, waited until Patrick had got so tangled up in his speech that he had to stop. Then Bridget broke out, and, with a courtesy, said to Mr. McQuade:

"I and moine, yer Honor, are going to— God bless de swate gintleman, his name is Patrick James O'Halloran, in the County of Beothlehem near Pennsyvalnia, and here are the loines to him, yer sowl."

Chief Clerk McQuade read the letter, which requested that the O'Shays be sent to Reading, where they would be met by Mr. Patrick James O'Halloran. They all had tickets, and Mr. McQuade and Kilroy took the names of the seven O'Shays.

Timothy Michael O'Shay, aged fourteen, carried two tin cans and a bag.

Patrick Peter O'Shay, aged twelve, had a bundle and a cage containing an Irish thrush.

Margaret Eileen O'Shay, aged eleven, had a rag doll and a red face.

Bridget O'Shay had a big cap on her head.

Letitia O'Shay had an apple and was eating it.

Thomas O'Connor O'Shay sucked his thumb, and although healthy, looked as if there was a great deal of trouble on the old man's mind. He is fourteen months old.

Patrick Henry Parnell Riordan O'Shay—sax wakes oold, yer honor—nestled at his mother's breast and chuckled.

The family were escorted to Capt. Moore's office and put on the barge for Amerikay, Bethlehem county, near Pennsylvania.

PRETTY ADA'S FEARFUL DEATH.

Ada Baxter, ten years old, has often attracted attention from the people of West New Brighton, S. I., by



Ada Baxter's death.

reason of her unusually pretty face. Ada has spent most of her time during the last few months in gathering cinders on the public lots. Her home is a poor one. A number of wealthy and benevolent people have frequently offered to adopt Ada. Her parents would not consent to that, however. Her father occasionally works at the Constable Hook oil factories.

On Nov. 28 Ada became chilled in the streets. She was barefooted and very scantily clad. The child gathered a heap of leaves together in the gutter. She begged a match from a passer-by and started a bonfire. When she was warming her round and shapely limbs a torn part of her ragged shawl blew into the fire. It ignited and caught her light dress. The child screamed with pain and terror and started to run. William Wilton, a gentleman, was passing. He dashed after the endangered girl. Ada almost flew up the road. The neighborhood watched the sad spectacle. Mr. Wilton caught Ada, folded her in his arms and smothered the flames. He was severely burned.

The child was terribly burned from her knees to her neck. She had inhaled the flames, and died an hour afterward while lying on a sofa in the most luxuriously-furnished residence she had ever entered probably, and where the people had quickly conveyed her. The fire did not touch her pretty face and coal-black hair. The rich people who looked at the unfortunate wail after her death, all remarked what a beautiful child-corpse it was.

## SPARRING FOR CHARITY.

The Great Exhibition in Aid of the Suffering Hocking Valley Miners.

The boxing exhibition in aid of the suffering miners of Hocking Valley, under the auspices of Bricklayers' Union No. 4, of New York, at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 2, was a success, both financially and otherwise. About 3,000 persons were present. Harry Hill was master of ceremonies and wore a silk hat in honor of the occasion. Clark and Sweeney, two well-known boxers, opened the show with a rattling exhibition of boxing. Steve Taylor, the well-known heavy weight, and Mike Cleary, of 270 Bowers, followed in a rattling display, and retired amid loud cheers. Charlie Mitchell, enveloped in a fur-lined coat, and bearing in his hand a high silk hat, mounted the stage, and said: "I come 'ere ter spar Cleary or Greenfield, 'im as claims the championship of England." Mitchell made quite a sensation, but Greenfield was in Boston and there was no prospect of the rival champions of the Land of the Rose meeting. Hugh McCoy and Bertha Francis then pounded each other for several moments until Mr. McCoy knocked her off her pins and mussed her hair, which was cut and combed like a boy's. The crowd yelled and the amazon got mad, forgot her science and went to slugging. Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, the champions at boxing, then made a hurricane set-to which brought loud cheers. It was the event of the evening.

Prof. Ladin swung clubs. Crowley and McMahon in a collar-and-elbow wrestling bout followed, and Billy Duffy and Jim Maguire sparred.

Charley Mitchell and Capt. James C. Daly donned a pair of small gloves and entered the arena. Daly looked a giant in front of the English champion.

In the first round Daly appeared fidgety, and Mitchell, who had plenty to hit, seemed not to know how to do so. Finally, after a long spar, Daly led at his opponent's stomach, but was neatly stopped.

Mitchell got home on Daly's face, got another home on the neck and planted two on Daly's face in quick succession just as time was called. In the second round Daly got home a severe blow on Mitchell's right arm and Mitchell countered on the face. Both were anxious and a clinch ensued. After they broke away Mitchell swung his right on to Daly's ear and made him stagger. He rallied, however, and sent his right hand on to Mitchell's jaw, following it up by another on the ear. Then Mitchell got home on the eye. Daly's optic soon afterward assumed a darkened hue, and when time was called was blue. Daly made a rally in the third round, and by a sort of trip and twitch sent Mitchell to the floor. When he arose Daly got home a half-arm right-bander on Mitchell's jaw and knocked him down. Mitchell got home three times on the stomach, ribs and face and time was called, and a contest more desperate than the Sullivan-Greenfield match had ended. Then Prof. Hoefler swung clubs and Jim Murray and Tom Allen, young Dixey and Eugene Ross and Mike Donovan and Dennis Butler had interesting set-tos. Prof. Wm. Clark, the veteran boxer, famous years ago as the Belfast Chicken, and Joe Coburn, the undefeated ex-champion pugilist of the world, entered the arena. Bob Smith, the veteran pugilist and trainer, introduced the noted boxers. They made a scientific, clever set-to, which was a treat for those who had never seen them box, for years ago they were acknowledged to be the cleverest pugilists in America.

## A BOY OF FORTUNE.

Frank Duffy, a Child, Gets a \$5,000 Prize in the Louisiana State Lottery.

A short time ago Frank K. Duffy, an eight-year-old son of Mr. Thomas Duffy, of the firm of Duffy & Murray, dealers in gentlemen's furnishing goods, purchased a one-fifth ticket in the November drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and yesterday received a substantial return in the shape of an express package containing \$5,000 in cash.

The number of the winning ticket was 13,023, and the whole prize was \$25,000. As young Duffy's purchase was but one-fifth of the whole ticket, his prize was in proportion.

The lucky boy, though but eight years of age, is old enough to appreciate his fortunate position and make good use of his prize. There seems to be no doubt about the reality of this case, whatever ideas have been held—and perhaps justly—as to lotteries. A Times reporter seems to have verified the case of this Hartford boy. The reporter, bearing of his drawing, inquired into the matter and found the facts as here stated. The package of \$5,000, less \$50 commission, arrived for him last night.

The investment of one dollar in the chances offered by a lottery company in this instance proved to have been a profitable one. The lad seems to be what is called "a lucky boy." His streak of fortune did not end here. Last night he was the winner of a valuable chamber set at the Catholic fair; and, a year ago, a ticket held by him drew a prize similar to the one drawn last night.—Hartford (Conn.) Times, Nov. 29.

## CELESTIAL SLUGGERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the novel Thanksgiving celebrations at Denver, Col., was a lively slugging match between two rival "belly bad men," Ling Wo and Ah Sam.

Following the style of the "Melican man" closely, the Mongols were very cautious in giving the tip for fear of the police, and, to tell the truth, worked the scheme as neatly as if they had been steering prize fights all their lives. Ah Sam was the victor, and it would not be a source of great surprise should he invite Sullivan to take a trip to Denver and meet him "mucbee like Clingsberry way."

## HAMLET AT A FIRE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

During the first performance of "Hamlet" at the Star theatre, Nov. 25, while the third act was progressing and after the mimic players had performed their parts, the curtain was drawn over the little stage, and all the attendants of the King and Queen had their eyes on Hamlet, a spark of fire fell quite close to the little curtain and set it afire. No one in the audience or on the stage paid to it any attention, the fire being on the stage and back of the throng of players. The King and Queen went out, Hamlet following them, to the south side of the stage. The followers also went out through near exits. Then it was that the audience saw the curtain burning. Most of them were riveted to their seats, watching the flames eat their

way from the corner of the curtain, and catch the light stuff around it. Pretty soon some of those who stood at the rear of the orchestra and balcony chairs yelled:

"Sit down! Sit down! There's no no danger!" Mr. Henry Irving, who was the Hamlet of the evening, did his best to allay the excitement. He stood up against the throne, and in passionate dumb show sought to hold the attention of the spectators.

## SLAIN BY A METEOR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For the first time in the history of the United States a man has been killed by a meteor. The tragic event occurred at Somerset, Pulaski Co., Ky., Nov. 30.

Julius Robble, a farmer, living near Somerset, started for that town that morning. His wife ran to the door to call him back for some forgotten object. He turned his face toward his wife and had hardly taken a step before the woman was blinded by a vivid flash, more piercing and spreading than the wildest lightning. She covered her face with her hands and thought she had lost her sight forever.

Simultaneously with the flash a rushing sound of indescribable power closed the woman's ears. This sound ended in a terrific explosion which shook the earth and rattled out the windows of the cottage. The wife fell on her doorstep in terror, and when the nearest neighbor ran up the road a few minutes later he found her insensible.

Robble had been killed instantly, his head having been crushed in. His clothing was torn and buried and his body was streaked with burning streams of molten iron or detached stones of white heat. His limbs were charred and bent out of all shape. The meteor must have burst on his head.

JAMES T. NORRIS.

[With Portrait.]

James T. Norris was born at Halifax, N. S., 1861. He stands 5 feet 8 inches and when in condition he weighs 148 pounds. His first races were rowed against Ritchie and Spain, of Halifax, in working boats, Norris winning both. His first race of any importance was a match with Peter Dav, of Dartmouth, N. S., a local oarsman of some repute. Norris won by several lengths. Time, 2:45. A return match was arranged and Dav won, as, owing to some of the rigging breaking, Norris did not finish. His next race was with Albert Hawes for the championship of Halifax harbor, Hawes winning, with Norris a good second. For the past season he has been under the patronage of Mr. James Keenan, of Boston, and has rowed in the following races: Andover Picnic regatta, making one of the Casey crew which won the four-oared shell race; Lake Washburne (Mass.) regatta, where, among eight starters, he obtained second place. After some delay a match was arranged with Priddy, of Pittsburg, Pa., which was won by Norris. Time, 20:40, Priddy being seven lengths behind.

JOHN F. DONNELLY.

[With Portrait.]

The American manager, whose portrait illuminates the POLICE GAZETTE this week, is none other than the comely and celebrated Mr. John F. Donnelly, of the Bijou Opera House. Easily first among the handsome young men who attend to the business management of New York theatres, Mr. Donnelly is as remarkable for his youth and the rapidity of his promotion as for his good looks and his good nature. He was born, we believe, in Providence, but has none of the traditional characteristics of the Rhode Islander, but is, on the contrary, the soul of geniality and as generous as the day is long. It was a hard matter for Mr. Donnelly to give up his successful career as a woman-tamer, but, to the unspeakable sorrow and disappointment of almost every pretty ballet-girl and chorus-singer in New York, he was married three weeks ago to the beautiful Miss Josephine Handley. It is only a question of time when Mr. Donnelly will be the proprietor of a New York opera house of his own.

## FRIGHTENED BY CIRCLING FLAMES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few minutes before 9 o'clock on the evening of the 28th ult. flames were seen bursting from the large furniture warehouse of Edmundson & Son, in the rear of and separated from the Seventh Avenue Hotel, Pittsburg, Pa., by an alley. The flames soon spread to the roof and cornices of the hotel. A scene of the wildest description followed among the guests and servants of the well-known hostelry. Excited men packed their trunks and carried or threw them down stairs. Frightened women and children ran about crying and wringing their hands, not knowing what to do. Many fainted, but fortunately none were injured, and after an hour's work the flames were extinguished without any further damage to the hotel.

MIKE MALLON.

[With Portrait.]

Mike Mallon, who was the winner of Johnny Clark's light-weight boxing tournament, but who was recently knocked out by Jack Dempsey, has been in the arena verging upon seven years. During that time he has always held his own against all comers, and although never having fought for a large amount, has had several minor set-tos for small sums, most of which he has won. He stands about 5 feet 7 inches high and weighs 136 pounds when in condition. Being still a young and muscular man his prospects are favorable and ere long we hope to see him looming up among the higher class of light weights.

BELLA MOORE.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Bella Moore is a charming and really accomplished young Southern girl who went on the stage from sheer love of the dramatic art. She soon made a name for herself as one of the best and most effective actresses of the *ingenue* order now playing. After touring in one or two comedies, Miss Moore was especially engaged to impersonate *Sincerity Webb*, the girl-heroine of the very successful drama of Southern life known as "A Mountain Pink." Before long this pretty young woman and brilliant artist will make her debut in New York.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

UNANIMOUS APPROVAL OF MEDICAL STAFF.

Dr. T. G. COMSTOCK, physician at Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital in dyspepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and in the convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."



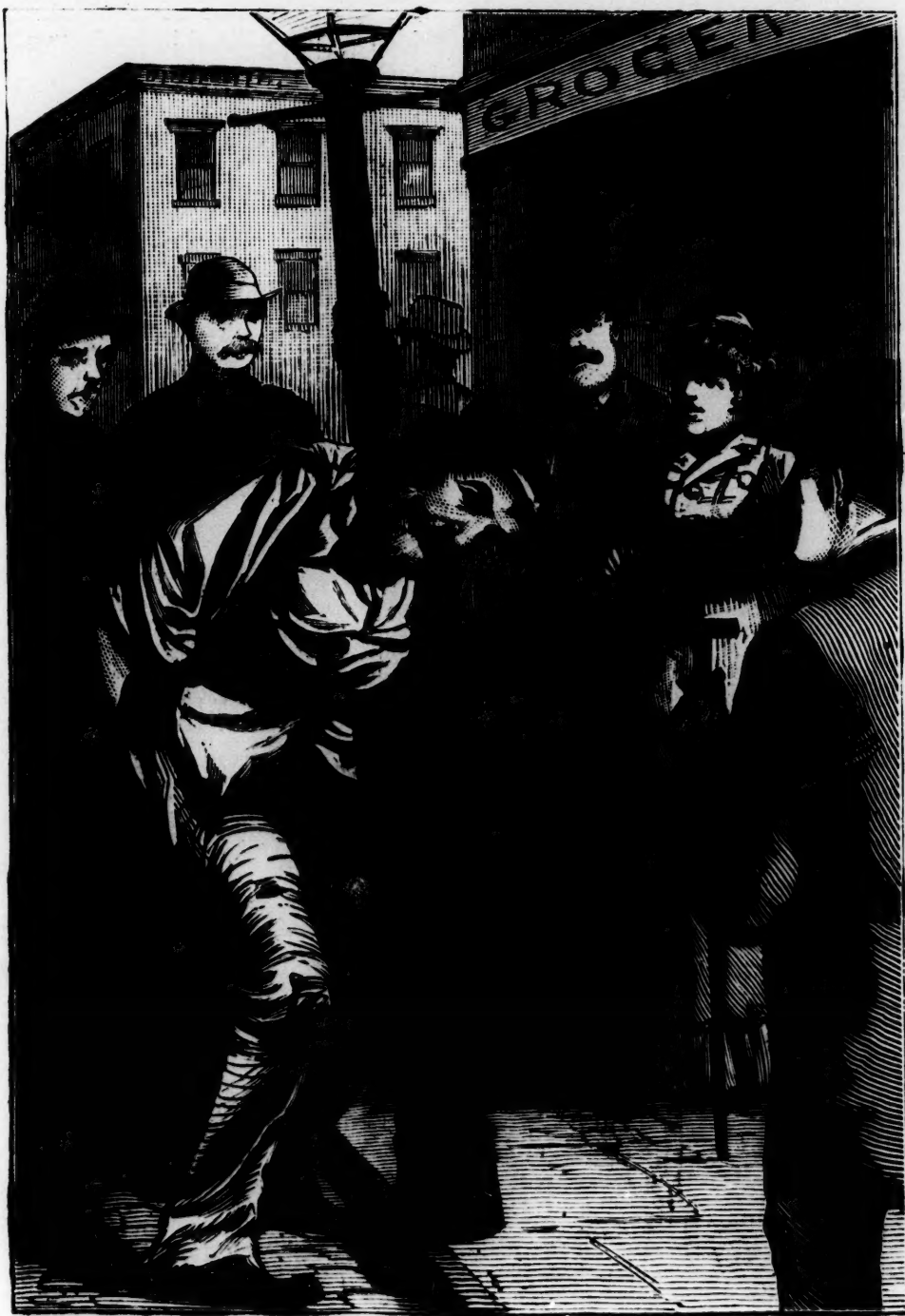






NOT UNDER JUDGE BARRETT'S RULES.

CHEERFUL SPORT BETWEEN THE ÆSTHETIC YOUNG MEN OF PRINCETON AND YALE, FOR PARTICULARS OF WHICH SEE "THE REFEREE," PAGE 11.



CHAINED IN THE STREET.

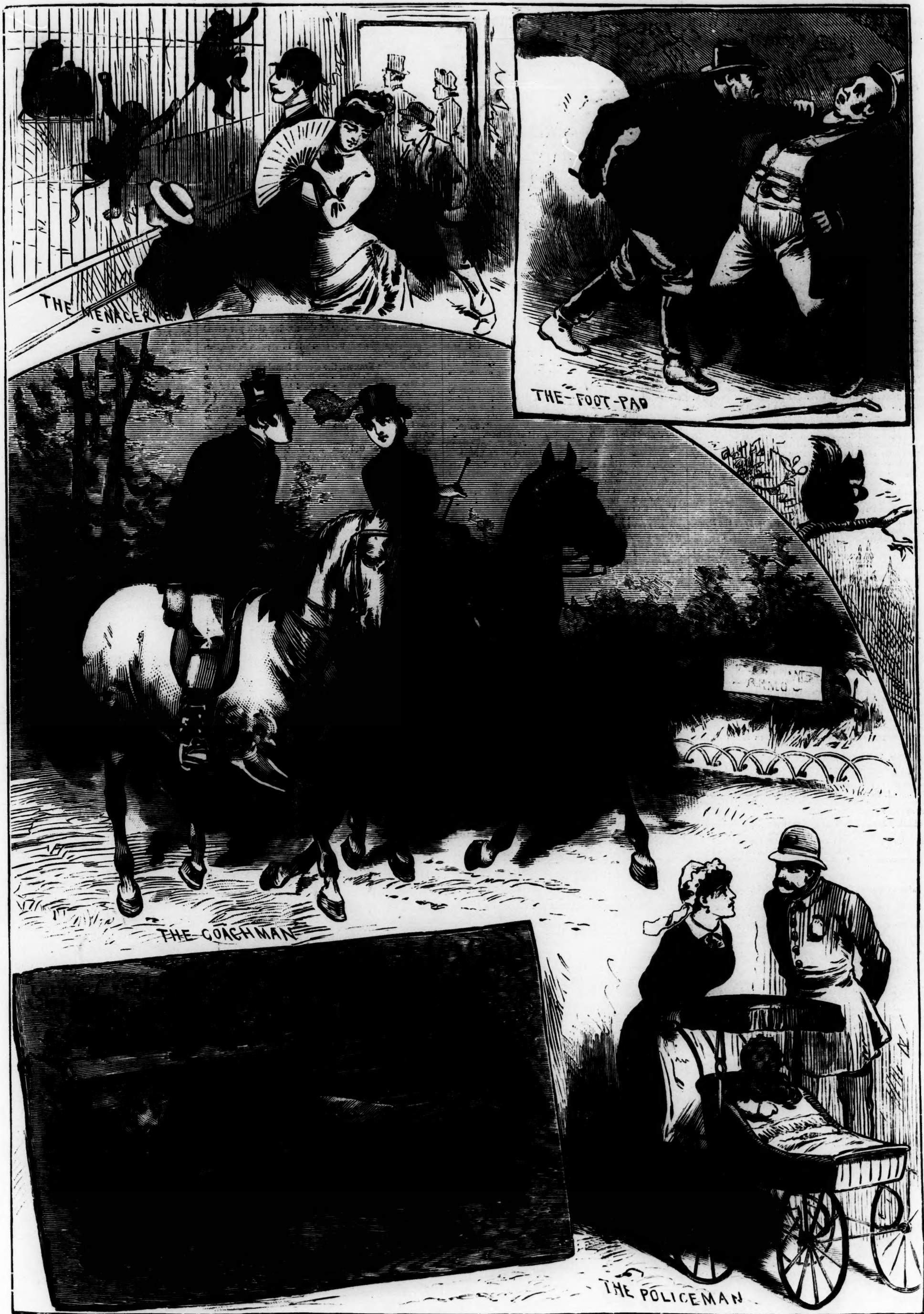
INHUMAN TREATMENT OF ONE OF THE STREET GANG IN SEATTLE, W. T., BY THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES.



SLAIN BY A METEOR.

A TENNESSEE MAN KILLED AT HIS DOOR STEP BY A BALL OF FIRE FROM A CLOUDLESS SKY.





IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE SCENES, GRAVE AND GAY, WHICH ARE WITNESSED DAY AND NIGHT IN THE GREAT BREATHING SPOT OF THE METROPOLIS.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## What the Giants are Doing, and What News There is Among Them.

Frank Cryser says he will give \$25 for young Regan and Donnelly to contend for in private with ten men on a side, and name a good place to decide the affair.

Patrick Greer, of San Francisco, the pioneer sportsman, says that he will back Slade against either McCaffrey, Mitchell, Taylor, or any heavy weight, barring Sullivan, for \$2,500.

Walter De Baun, the boniface of the Alhambra sporting hall, 108 West Eleventh street, has engaged numerous boxers and gives a grand performance, consisting of boxing, etc., every night.

Wolf Bendoff, the pugilist who was defeated on Oct. 24 in a prize ring encounter by Jack Kilrain, the 81-tonner, has issued a challenge to the latter to fight for £100 and the championship of England.

It is reported a warrant has been issued for Nobby Clark for assaulting Alf Greenfield in his boxing match with John L. Sullivan. Clark is out of reach of the authorities, and it is doubtful if he is arrested unless he surrenders.

Tom Allen, the ex-champion pugilist of America, who now keeps a sporting house in St. Louis, is said to own a real estate. All his sporting saloon is one of the popular sporting resorts in St. Louis, and the famous pugilist is doing a thriving business.

A match, announced as for \$1,000 a side, has been made by Jack Dempsey and Jimmy Ryan, the agreement being to fight with hard gloves all one of the other gives up, within 300 miles of Philadelphia. Ryan, who is the heavier man, agrees to confine himself to 140 lbs.

The London "Sporting Chronicle" says Joseph Fielding and Tom Gamble have signed articles to box four rounds, three of 3 minutes each and one of 4 minutes, under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, for a cup valued at £100. The contest is to be decided at Salford, Eng., on Dec. 6.

Alf. Greenfield, the champion pugilist of Great Britain, is still stopping at Harry Hill's Pavilion at Flushing, L. I., patiently awaiting trial for his alleged glove contest with John L. Sullivan. After Greenfield's case is settled, he will be matched to box Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke and John Kilrain.

Two pugilists are going round the country advertising themselves as J. Murphy and J. Kelly, trying to make the public believe that they are the original Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy, the champion boxers. They are impostors. The only original Kelly and Murphy are at Harry Hill's theatre.

Jimmy Carney, the light-weight champion pugilist of England, who last year killed Jimmy Highland in a prize ring encounter for £100 and the light-weight championship, is matched to fight Harry Jacobs, of Newcastle, Eng., for £500. The pugilists are to fight at 132 pounds, according to London prize ring rules.

The deposit Wm. P. Corney, the treasurer of the Dominick McCaffrey Athletic Combination, placed with Richard K. Fox, to match McCaffrey against John L. Sullivan, was withdrawn on Nov. 27. In a letter Wm. P. Corney stated that there was no likelihood of a match being arranged, and he withdrew the money on that account.

Charley Mitchell states that no match was arranged between himself and Mervin Thompson, the Cleveland Thunderbolt. He offered to fight Thompson with small gloves to a finish at two days' notice, within 50 miles of Pittsburgh, for \$1,000 a side, but George Forbes, of Cleveland, formerly of Woodstock, Conn., refused to arrange the match, although he agreed to do so.

Mitchell and Madden deny that they were instrumental in having the authorities prevent the boxing match with Gillespie at Pittsburgh after they received their money and their expenses. Further, Mitchell says he is not afraid of Gillespie or any pugilist in the world, and that he will make a match to box or fight Gillespie or any other pugilist for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side.

Joe Goss, the well-known pugilist, whose great battles in the ring made him a hero in prize-ring chronology, is still keeping the Saracen's Head in Lagrange street, Boston. Age and the hard knocks the Wolverchampion pugilist has received are beginning to tell against him, and he is slightly under the weather. Goss is very popular in Boston, and he is doing a first-class business.

On Nov. 14 a prize fight took place between James Walder, of Birmingham, and Frank Murray, of London. The men fought near Birmingham for an hour and three-quarters, and Walder was declared the winner. Both men were shockingly punished. The police were entirely thrown off the scent. A large sum was staked on the result and a number of pugilists from London and other places were present.

Charley Bush, Pat Sheedy's partner, the well-known sporting man of New Orleans, writes that if Greenfield and Mitchell, or the latter and Burke, are matched to fight for the championship, and agree to fight in New Orleans, they will have a \$10,000 excursion, or if Mitchell and Burke will agree to box six rounds or to a finish, on the race-track at New Orleans, they can receive \$1 and \$2 a head from 10,000 spectators.

Patsy Sheppard, the retired light-weight pugilist and boniface of the Abbey sporting house, Harrison avenue, Boston, has not yet been arrested, although it is reported that a warrant has been issued by the authorities in this city for his arrest, for complicity in the alleged glove contest between Sullivan and Greenfield. If there is a warrant out for Sheppard he should procure a bondsman, come on from Boston and surrender himself to the authorities, thereby saving trouble. There is no evidence to convict him, and it is doubtful if any jury, no matter how strait-laced they might be, on the evidence could bring in a verdict of guilty.

Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion pugilist of America, who held the title up to the time John L. Sullivan defeated him at Mississippi City, is again in training. On Jan. 25, at Madison Square Garden, Ryan is to meet John L. Sullivan in a four-round glove contest, which is to be governed by Revised Queensberry rules. The winner will receive sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts. The approaching contest will create a furor in sporting circles and attract sporting men from all parts of the country. Ryan and Sullivan have never met even in a set-to since their historical battle at Mississippi City. About a year ago they were to have met in San Francisco, but, owing to a disagreement between the pugilists and their managers, the contest ended in smoke. Ryan is enjoying the best of health, and both he and his many friends claim that he is a better pugilist than when he met Sullivan in 1882. James Patterson, the well-known sporting man of Seventh avenue and Twenty-second street, in this city, is to represent and manage Ryan, while Pat Sheedy, of Chicago, will look after Sullivan's interest.

The long-pending glove contest between Jake Kilrain, of Boston, and Jack Burke, the Irish Lad, was decided at Boston at Institute Hall on Dec. 1. About 2,000 persons were present. Among the sporting men who mingled among the crowd were Patsy Sheppard, John L. Sullivan, Tom Earley, Alf. Greenfield, James Keenan, Lord Dashington, Murphy, Mike Gleason, Tom Denny, Michael Sullivan, W. Sheridan and a host of other celebrities. Kilrain was in splendid condition and was fully 10 pounds heavier than Burke. Tim McCarthy seconded Kilrain, and Tom Delay acted in the same capacity for Burke. Billy Mahoney was referee. The pugilists had agreed to box five rounds according to "Police Gazette" Revised rules, the winner to receive sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts. In the first round Kilrain forced the fighting, but his blows were light and fully returned. The second, third and fourth rounds were closely contested, but neither man could fairly claim an advantage. In the last round Kilrain had a little the best of the fighting, but at the conclusion of this round the referee declared the match a draw.

The London "Sporting Chronicle" says: "A remarkable emigration is going at the present time of English prize-fighters to the United States. There is no pressing necessity for the departure of our modern pugilists to America, for so long as they do not fight they can stay in their native country and issue as many challenges as the editors of sporting papers will publish free, gratis, and for nothing. Probably, however, our professional gladiators and their trainers are busy in the neighborhood of Birmingham. In America there is a bruiser of the name of Sullivan, who offers to knock out his opponents in 3-5 seconds, or something like that

time. The natives rather admire the business, and 'good 'gates' are the result. English boxers love good 'gates,' and as the Americans do not protect their home-bred trousers with hostile tariffs in the same way that they protect their own Ascot cup, the brave Britishers are all going, one by one, to the land of the uncommonly free. In the meanwhile, we who have to stay at home will not grieve too much at their absence."

The "Pacific Life," Nov. 22, says: "The glove contest between Tom Cleary and Pat Foley that took place at the Wismam last Monday was one of the best matches ever arranged in this city, as both men were of equal height and weight. The advertised purse that was to be given by D. S. Levy, proprietor of the Pacific Life, as per articles of agreement, was \$200. However, shortly before the fight began, Tom Cleary called at the box office and informed the manager that he desired the purse raised \$100 extra. This was flatly refused. But as the management desired to carry out their part of the contract with the public they were compelled to give up \$100 extra, which was an imposition and a barefaced robbery. The public were led to believe that the purse was raised to \$300 while the manager was absent from the hall. Tom Cleary had actually left the hall, and remarked that under no circumstances would he fight if the purse was not raised. The entire programme was first-class and gave general satisfaction. As for the fight very little can be said, for when 'time' was called both men went at it like tigers, and as usual Cleary got in his famous right-handers and laid out his man in good shape. The fight being short of course gave no satisfaction to the public. However, we have no hesitation in saying that the fight was on its merits from the start. Had the fight lasted three or four rounds in all probability Cleary would have been whipped, as he was winded from the start."

## The following explains itself:

ST. PAUL, MINN., Nov. 23, 1884.  
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:  
DEAR SIR—Quite an interesting prize fight took place here this afternoon in a large room situated in the rear of the St. Paul House, between one of our local sparring, John Wesley Smith and Anton Miller, a noted pugilist of Wisconsin. The fight was for \$200 a side with hard gloves and governed by the Revised Queensberry rules. The fight was a hard one, and lasted fully 1 hour and 20 minutes, and ended by the Wisconsin boy being knocked out and badly used up. J. W. Smith is twenty-two years old, stands 6 feet 1/2 inch in his stocking feet and weighs when in condition 196 pounds. He now wishes you to issue the following challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE:

I hereby challenge any man in the United States, bar Sullivan, to a contest with hard gloves, to be fought under the Revised Marquis of Queensberry rules for \$5,000 a side and all gate receipts. The fight to take place wherever any one accepting this challenge will designate.  
JOHN W. SMITH.

Anybody accepting the above challenge please address:  
JOHN W. SMITH,  
St. Paul House, St. Paul, Minn.

At San Francisco, on Nov. 15, there was a desperate glove contest for \$1,000 and the middle-weight championship of the Pacific Slope, between Billy Lynn, the well-known pugilist of San Francisco, and Tom Walling, of Leadville, Col. Walling has been twice defeated by Bryan Campbell in contests for \$500 and \$1,000. Owing to the reputation of the pugilists, great interest was manifested over the affair. The pugilists fought in a hall with 4-ounce gloves. Lynn undertook to stop Walling in six rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules. John Cole acted as referee and George Conway as time-keeper.

Round 1.—The men appeared in fine condition, Lynn tipping the beam at 136 pounds and Walling at 144 pounds. Both delivered severe body blows, closing with two heavy face blows by Lynn.

Round 2.—Lynn took the offensive from the first, and punished Walling badly during the entire round.

Round 3.—Severe punishment of Walling, who became very languid toward the close and was manifestly weak.

Round 4.—Walling came up groggy and acted on the defensive only, Lynn finishing comparatively fresh.

Round 5.—Walling went to grass from a furious blow in the neck and was barely able to keep his feet during the remainder of the round.

Round 6.—Lynn knocked Walling down five times during this round, the latter retreating behind the stage to avoid punishment. When time was called, Walling being unable to stand up, the referee awarded the contest to Lynn.

The glove contest recently arranged at Pittsburgh, Pa., between Jack Gillespie, the heavy-weight champion pugilist of Pennsylvania, and Charley Mitchell, of this city, the English champion, was not decided at the Smokey City on Nov. 25. The contest was to have been with 4-ounce gloves, and a large crowd, representing every grade of society, was present. The receipts at the door amounted to \$1,200. Gillespie had been training several weeks and was in the pink of condition, and many of his admirers were confident that he would defeat Mitchell. Several wagers were made on the result of the affair, and the Pennsylvania champion was backed heavily at \$20 against \$100. The thousands who paid for admission did not have the pleasure of witnessing Gillespie and Mitchell battle. Detective Laughton, acting under an order from the Court, notified Mitchell and Gillespie that they could not come together. Mitchell explained to the audience, and the news was received with jeers, curses and a demand for the return of the money taken at the box office. Comparative quiet was restored by the promise of a set-to between Mitchell and Billy Madden. Mitchell and Madden made an exciting set-to, but the audience were eager to witness a glove contest, and left dissatisfied. Many sporting men in Pittsburgh claimed that Mitchell and Madden did not want the contest to take place because they had been paid a certainty to appear and that they were the cause of the authorities interfering. It is needless to state that all these rumors were unfounded. It is true Mitchell and his manager did receive a stipulated sum for going to Pittsburgh to meet Gillespie, but the idea of his being afraid to box the Pittsburgh pugilist is all bosh, for Mitchell is not afraid of meeting any pugilist in the world. Gillespie is, no doubt, a first-class pugilist, but he has never demonstrated the fact that he could "run into third place" let alone "first or second," in a contest for the championship with Sullivan, Greenfield, Mitchell, Kilrain, McCaffrey and Burke in the race. To prove what we have said about the affair we are authorized to state that Mitchell can be backed to meet Gillespie either with or without gloves for any amount for from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. If Pittsburgh sporting men, that is those who had an idea that Mitchell was afraid to meet Gillespie, still have the same opinion, they can settle the question by matching Gillespie against Mitchell.

Dempsey again a winner! On Nov. 30 there was a slashing glove contest for a purse in Philadelphia, between Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, the winner of twelve battles, and Mike Mallon, the champion light-weight pugilist of Philadelphia. The pugilists had agreed to contend, according to Queensberry rules, for a purse of \$150, subscribed by a number of club men in the Quaker City, who were certain that Mallon could lower the colors of the bold Jack Dempsey. Mallon stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, weighs 136 pounds, and he always held his own against all comers. At Prof. John Clark's boxing tournament at Philadelphia he won first prize. The scene of the contest was a club-room, and tickets of admission were \$5 each. Dempsey was seconded by Joseph Street, of New York, and Mallon by Thomas O'Neill. Henry Rice, of New York, was referee. Hard-stuffed gloves were used. Dempsey weighed 140 pounds and Mallon 135. Time was called at 1 o'clock and both men, naked to the waist, jumped to the center of the room and shook hands.

Round 1.—After some preliminary sparring Dempsey let go his left, landing on Mallon's stomach, causing the latter to gasp and fight the air wildly for several seconds, during which Dempsey delivered three very effective blows about the head. Dempsey continued by feints at the head and left-handers on the ribs to batter Mallon until the end of the 3-minute round, at which time Mallon had delivered only one effective blow. When taken to his corner Dempsey was almost exultant over the prospects of whipping his man in the next round. Mallon was doled with cold tea and his temples were rubbed with cold water, but he did not want to continue, but when the referee called time his attendant pushed him to the center of the room.

Round 2.—Before Mallon had steadied himself Dempsey hit him with his right in the pit of the stomach. Mallon made desperate efforts to protect his vulnerable parts and Dempsey, seeing an opening, planted a stinging right-hand blow in his antagonist's mouth, that literally knocked him off his feet. O'Neill, contrary to the rules, assisted Mallon to rise, and found that his man was scarcely able to stand. The second round lasted about a minute.

When Mallon threw up the sponge and Dempsey was declared the winner, Mallon claimed he was sick before the fight began, but no one could make him contend if he did not want to, and the excuse amounts to nothing.

## SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

The Dominick McCaffrey Combination have met with grand success, and they have been appearing to crowded houses. George Fryer, the English amateur, will arrive in America some time this month.

Gus Lambert and J. Fell are matched to box 4 rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, in Montreal, Canada, this month.

John Teemer, the carman, has joined the McCaffrey Combination, and the Pittsburgh pugilist and the McKeesport sculler will visit Australia.

Arthur Chambers has not yet received any reply to his challenge for Jimmy Mitchell. Here is an opportunity for aspirants inside 124 lbs weight.

Samuel R. Platt, Rear-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, died at the Florence House, New York, on Dec. 2. He was fifty-six years of age.

Dick Lee and Jack Welch fought according to Queensberry rules on a barge on the East river, on Nov. 30, for a purse of \$200. Lee won in 2 rounds.

Billy Hamilton and McIlwain fought 16 rounds at Harry Maynard's, San Francisco, on Nov. 14, which appeared to give satisfaction. Hamilton was declared the winner.

Gus Tuthill offers to match Jack Dempsey to box or fight any light-weight pugilist in the world according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$5,000 a side or any part of it.

Littlewood, the winner of the six-day (12h per diem) race, is coming to America, and will go into training for the six-day champions' race, which is to be held in Madison Square Garden in March.

Miss Bertha Francis, the clever female pugilist, now engaged at John J. Flynn's, 103 Bowery, was presented with a valuable diamond ring on Thanksgiving night by Candy, the diamond-broker.

Hughes, the pedestrian, is desirous to make a match. His attentions are at present directed toward Littlewood, who is ahead in the London tournament. He offers to give him 2h start in a six-day contest.

J. Finney, of Oldham, and J. Collier, of Salford, Eng., are to swim 1 mile for \$500 and the championship of Great Britain. The match is fixed to take place at the Prince of Wales Baths, Blackpool, on Dec. 13.

On Dec. 2, in a well-known pit in Westchester, N. Y., an inter-State cocking main was fought between birds from New Haven, Conn., and New York. The New Haven bird won the thirteenth battle and the main.

The single-scull race between G. Buebar, of Putney, and George Perkins, of Rotherhithe, for £200, was decided on the Thames a few days ago. The distance rowed was a little over 3 miles, and it resulted in Perkins gaining an easy victory.

To what extent bicycling is taking hold on the sporting world is partly shown by the fact that George Hendee, the Springfield champion, owns \$4,500 worth of badges and other prizes, a third of which he has won this year, and Louis Hamilton, Yale's crack wheelman, possesses \$2,000 in the same sort of material.

Wm. Muldoon, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler, writes from St. Louis that he is prepared to arrange a match to wrestle Joe Acton, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, one fall catch-as-catch-can, one fall Greco-Roman, and toss for the final bout, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder.

Sam Day, the well-known pedestrian, who is now training George D. Noremack, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he has been authorized by George Smith, of Pittsburgh, to match the latter against H. M. Johnson to run 125 yards for \$1,000 a side, and if Johnson is in earnest he will cover Smith's \$100 forfeit now posted with Richard K. Fox.

At Flint, Mich., on Dec. 3, Col. J. H. McLaughlin, of Detroit, defeated L. L. Burton, of Ohio, Mich., wrestling collar-and-cuff, according to "Police Gazette" rules. McLaughlin won easily, winning two straight falls in 30m. The stakes were \$500 and the gate money also went to the winner. The contest attracted a large crowd, and it gave general satisfaction.

Charles E. Davies is endeavoring to rent Madison Square Garden for the holiday week for the purpose of having a six-day contest of 15h per day between horses and bicyclists. In the proposed contest John S. Prince, the champion bicyclist, backs himself and two unknown bicyclists against Charles M. Anderson, of Los Angeles, Cal., champion long-distance rider of the world.

The 48-hour walking match at Lawrence, Mass., on Nov. 28 and 29, between Harry Vaughan, champion long-distance walker of England, William Edwards, the champion long-distance walker of Australia, and John Meagher, of Lawrence, Mass., champion short-distance walker of America, attracted a large crowd. The race, of the surprise of many, was won by Harry Vaughan, who covered 161 miles, 8 laps; Edwards was second with 170 miles 1 lap, while Meagher only covered 140 miles and 1 lap.

The following official announcements have been made by Secretary Young of players who have been signed by clubs of the National League and American Association: H. M. O'Day, George Smith and I. B. Pinckney, signed by the Cleveland Club; E. J. Heugh, signed by the Buffalo Club; F. C. Bancroft, signed by the Providence Club; William J. Kuehne and C. M. Smith, signed by the Allegheny Club, and Thomas J. Poorman and Thomas Rooney, signed by the Indianapolis Club.

At Washington Park, Brooklyn, on Nov. 29, there was a football match between the Adelphi Academy and Polytechnic Institute boys. The Adelphi won by a score of 27 to 0. The teams were as follows: Adelphi—Bashers: H. W. Vernon, Woodward, Graham, Gibb, Ruland, Webster and Whitlock. Quarter-back: Scott. Half-backs: Atkins and Camp. Full-back: Kidder. Polytechnic—Bashers: Ormiston, V. Cobb, Billings, Crabb, Christianson, Notman and Moffat. Quarter-back: Broughton. Half-backs: Culver and V. Cobb. Full-back: Eastman.

John S. Prince, the short-distance champion bicyclist, and H. W. Higham, the long-distance champion, forward the following to the POLICE GAZETTE sporting editor: "We will ride our bicycles 12h a day, six days, against Woodside and Brooks or Miss Armalinde and Morgan, for \$250 a side, our combined score to count against theirs; or we will agree to make a sweepstakes of it, all six starting, and the two winners to take the whole stake money and two-thirds of the receipts. Now as Woodside, Brooks, Miss Armalinde and Morgan are talking so much about running championship races, they cannot very well refuse to accept the above."

L. E. Jones, of Hyde Park, Pennsylvania, the backer of Jethro Davis, the Scranton pedestrian, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Dec. 1, and left the following challenge, with a forfeit of \$25: "I will match Jethro Davis to run Harry Lewis 100 yards, level, or give him 1 yard start in 150 yards, for \$500 a side, or run James Turner, of Mahanoy City, from 75 yards to 300 yards, for \$500 a side, or run T. Bancroft, of Philadelphia, from 150 to 200 yards, for the same amount. Either or all these matches can be made by posting \$100 forfeit at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. I shall meet any of the above parties in Scranton or Wilkesbarre by calling or addressing L. E. Jones, American House, Hyde Park, Scranton, Penn."

Letters are lying at this office for the following: Willis Brown, John J. Brown, Jack Burke, J. G. Holden, Hon. Wm. F. Cody; Georgia Comstock, banjoist; James Dunn; Harry Dobson, banjoist; Col. Tom Edwards, W. M. De Vere; Henry Dunn, wrestler; John Donaldson, Geo. A. Edwards, Rob. Farrell, H. M. Johnson, J. Edwin Irving, Benny Jones (2), Jas. Faulkner, Geo. W. Lee, Carlos Martino, Ebb. Morris; Wm. Madden, Greenpoint, N. Y.; Patsy Murphy, Chas. McDonald; G. J. Montgomery, president Elite Skating Circle; John Mackey, Wallace Ross,

Frank Rehfield, Sol. Smith Russell, Miss Hattie Stewart, Wm. Smith, Harry Thompson; S. F. Yeager, artist.

It is more than likely that New York will be the scene of an interesting and exciting broadsword contest for a stipulated sum, champion trophy and a championship of the world. McGregor of Toronto, the Canadian champion who was recently defeated at Cleveland in a contest for the championship by Duncan C. Ross, is eager to again meet his conqueror, but Ross appears dilatory about arranging another match. In order to promote these exciting and interesting broadsword contests, and to settle the question as to who is and who is not champion, Richard K. Fox has decided to offer a trophy to be competed for, open to all comers. It will be known as the "Police Gazette" Broadsword Champion Trophy of the World. It will be the personal property of any competitor winning it three times. The trophy will be contested for any time Ross, McGregor or any other experts desire to compete for it, and the first contest must be decided in this city.

The Nonpareil Boat Club of New York gave a grand entertainment at Turn Hall on Dec. 2. The attraction was to be a glove contest for the championship of the Police Department between A. G. Hasselbacher and T. F. Wade, but the former, fearing trouble from headquarters, failed to appear. There was some amateur boxing between W. J. Huate and J. Kenny, F. Lant and G. F. Quinn, Joe Huser (amateur champion) and G. Nelson, J. J. Murphy and P. H. Morgan, Frank Cryser and Mike Doney, D. Pallur and L. Loomer, H. Cruger and H. Force, F. Green and C. Ferguson and Faull and Loomis. The wrestlers were Eugene Boyers and Gustavus Boyers, Mr. Haas and L. Pinzham, Joe Wynop and Chris Wynop, professional and amateur champions at Cumberland and Westmorland style. Club-swinging was done by J. D. Harris and J. J. Kraft. Stott, Kraft, Hewett and Barned did some very clever tricks on the flying rings. W. Haas and C. Smith did some tumbling and a contortion act. The wind up of the show was a rattling set-to by Frank Sahuika and A. Isaacs.

The following visitors called at this office the past week: Chas. E. Davies, the "Parson," Chicago, Ill.; Arthur Soudant, Ed. Malahan; Frank Lyman, "Police Gaz. It." Shadow, Newark, N. J.; James Patterson, Alf. Greenfield, Frank Nelson, John J. Clark, Rock Springs, Wyo. T.; Pearce Jarvis, Manager White Slave Combination; Osmond S. Wiley; Stephen Richardson, President Newsdealers' Union; Chris B. Malone, Bricklayers' Union, No. 4; Frank Cryser, Frank Stevenson, Gus Tuthill, William Walker, Advertising Agent Detroit Evening Journal; Harry Webb, Thos. H. Noonan; Hugh McCoy, Philadelphia, Pa.; John Brooks, Mr. Thompson, Walter Watson, Chris W. Wagon; Harrington Fitzgerald, Manager the Item, Philadelphia, Pa.; Capt. Murphy, Mobile, Ala.; Jack Dempsey, Hecate Baxter, Wm. H. Sizer; David H. Lawson, Chas. A. Tracy, Philadelphia, Pa.; L. E. Jones, Hyde Park, Scranton, Pa.; Jack Burke, the Irish Lad; Dick Hill.

## The following letter explains itself:

BELLEVILLE, N. J., Nov. 25, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:  
Sir—On the night of Nov. 22, a number of local sporting men assembled at Bill Nulty's Hall to witness a 3-round glove encounter, which turned out to be a rattling affair, and gave quite a boom to the many art in this section. The contestants were Jack Barnard, of London, and John Blake, of Pautucket, Rhode Island. After a few bouts between local novices the men were ordered to prepare for battle. At 8:30 P. M., they responded to the call of time, and it was evident that the Londoner was bent on mischief, for after feeling his opponent he let fly his left as straight as an arrow and caught Blake full in the mouth and got away without a return. Another feat or two and the Londoner crossed him on the jaw and sent him to grass, making him (the Londoner) a hot favorite. However, this did not last long, for when the men came up for the second round the man from Pautucket let himself out and went at his man in proper shape and succeeded in flooring the cockney twice in this round, amid cries of 3 to 1 on Blake. As the men came up for the third and last round Blake went at his man as in the previous round and proved beyond a doubt he was the best two-handed fighter, also the hardest hitter of the two. Therefore he was awarded the purse, which was a snug little sum.  
BELLVILLE.

On Nov. 29, Thomas C. Herbert, the English long-distance pedestrian, now residing in Brooklyn, who last May was matched to run Wm. Steele of Bloomsburg, Pa., 10 miles for \$1,000 and the championship of America, entered legal proceedings to recover the stakes from Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who was final stakeholder. The following are the facts of the case: In April Herbert was living in Coalington, Ky., and Wheeler, of Cincinnati, matched him to run Wm. Steele 10 miles for \$1,000 and the championship, making Richard K. Fox final stakeholder. In the articles it also specified that Wm. E. Harding should be referee. The race was to have been run at Brooks' Running Grounds, Bloomsburg, Pa., on Saturday, Mar. 3. Both pedestrians were on the ground, but Herbert refused to run, not being satisfied with the referee appointed, although the gentleman was every way respectable and was appointed by Richard K. Fox. Steele ran over the course, and the referee declared him the winner. Two days after the race Herbert with his backer, Mr. Wheeler, of Cincinnati, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and stated that he was afraid he would have been killed if he had run, and requested Richard K. Fox not to pay over the stakes. Further, Herbert said he was willing to run Steele any time Richard K. Fox would name. If he would send Wm. E. Harding to Bloomsburg to fill the position of referee. It was agreed if Steele was willing that the race should be run again. Steele with his backer called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on May 7, and, after a little persuasion, he agreed to run on May 14. Herbert was notified, and both himself and his backer agreed to run for the stakes which Steele had already won on May 3 by Herbert refusing to run. On the day of the race about 500 persons assembled at Bloomsburg; but Herbert did not put in his appearance, and Wm. E. Harding decided Steele the winner of the race and stakes, which Richard K. Fox decided to pay to Steele.

One of the great attractions on Thanksgiving Day in New York city was the annual parade of the "Police Gazette" Light Guards. Two hundred strong, led by a company of pioneers, the "Police Gazette" Patrol and Stone's regimental band, they paraded the principal streets in the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth wards, and were reviewed by Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE building. They dined at Lion Park and shot for prizes, and then with torches, colored lights and fireworks they marched down Broadway to Park row, up Chatham street, through the Bowery. At John J. Flynn's Old House at Home they were saluted with fireworks. Mike Heumann, the proprietor of the National theatre, had a grand illumination as they passed. Le Mout, the champion florist, of 174 Bowery, presented the company with a large floral trophy, in the center of which was a large stuffed fox holding a robin in his mouth. It was a splendid display of floral architecture. Le Mout also had a grand display of fireworks. Harry Miner's Variety theatre, the London theatre and the People's theatre, also gave a grand display of fireworks as the procession passed. John Wood, the popular photographer, 208 Bowery, had his residence illuminated, while Louis Hickman, the sole proprietor of the museum, 210 Bowery, displayed skyrockets, red fire, etc. At the time the "Police Gazette" Light Guards passed Mike Cleary's, 270 Bowery, thousands had assembled and the traffic stopped so great was the excitement. Fireworks were let off and colored fires burned at Cleary's. Assemblyman Kleiman's, Harry Campbell's and Frank White's Chambers' Rest, corner of Houston and Bowery, was also illuminated and gave a display. Houston and Bowery streets were ablaze and cheer after cheer greeted the guards as they passed. After the procession reached Bleeker street a speculator with a wagon load of fireworks, disposed of them like hot cakes, and the procession was illuminated. At the Rochester House bombs, rockets and red fire greeted the Light Guards. Wm. F. McCoy's palace saloon, corner of Thompson and Bleeker, was illuminated, and McCoy, in conjunction with Frank Stevenson, painted Bleeker street red. All about the rest of the route fireworks were set off, and Bedford street, the headquarters of the Light Guards, was all ablaze. Colored fire was lighted on the windows and house-tops, and Wicken's, corner of Congress and Houston streets, was also the scene of fireworks. At the Bedford House the Light Guards disbanded, when the winners of prizes, nearly sixty in number, received the favors of those who had kindly presented them with money, trophies, etc. The expense of the parade was \$31. It was a grand success, and it is the intention of the organization to make the parade in 1885 a far grander spectacle. The "Police Gazette" Light Guards were organized by Sanford Harding, Superintendent of the "Police Gazette" Patrol, in August, 1883, and for the past two parades the company has been captained by James Connolly. The officers of the organization tender thanks through the POLICE GAZETTE to all who saluted and tendered prizes.



## THE REFEREE.

## He Has a Few Words to Say in Regard to Football Brutality.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The intercollegiate football match between the teams representing Yale College and Princeton on the Polo Grounds, on Thanksgiving Day, ended in a draw and a wrangle.

I understand the authorities claim that glove contests are brutal. What do they consider a football match like the game on the 27th of November?

I saw more brutality, more punching, butting, yes, even kicking, between the Princeton bruisers and the Yale slugs than in any glove contest that ever occurred in Madison Square Garden.

The game ended in a draw, neither side winning, but there was plenty of wrangling, and amid threats, curses, etc., Appleton, therefore, declared the contest a draw, and his decision was a fair and honest one.

By the way, on Nov. 28 there was a spirited meeting of the Intercollegiate Football Association at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in which the delegates from Yale, Harvard and Princeton were unable to come to an agreement in reference to the great dispute between the Yales and Princetons Thanksgiving Day.

The Harvards were in sympathy with the Yales, but they would not take a decided step unless it was made unanimous, which the Princetons, of course, refused to allow. The Yale delegates—Messrs. Richards, Hull and Camp—urged their claim to the game on the points scored, and made strenuous efforts to get Messrs. McCook, Kimball and Simpkins, of Harvard, to join them in overruling the referee's decision, or the ground of it being based on a mere technical point which was never intended to cover a matter of such vital importance.

It was very cleverly put, but the Harvard delegates were unwilling to place themselves on record, so they evaded the question, as they did all other propositions, by proposing that it be made unanimous. Messrs. Bird and Connor, the Princeton delegates, acted on the defensive, and would agree to nothing proposed by Yale.

I do not see the use of these arguments about the game. The referee decided the game a draw, and that settled it.

Arthur Chambers has offered to match Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, against any man in the country not weighing over 124 pounds for \$250 or \$300 a side, the fight to be either Marquis of Queensberry or London prize ring rules. Richard K. Fox now holds \$200 to show that he means business.

Who will pick up the gauntlet?

From present indications I think the New York baseball nine will be one of the very strongest which will enter the baseball arena next season. I believe the team is being strengthened in all of its weak points, and much may be expected from it next season.

I have it from good authority that the derelict Eastern League clubs have not "ponied up" with the cash.

I have been informed that Sheriff Toffey, of Jersey City, is at the head of a new club organized in opposition to the existing club managed by Cummings, and will make an effort to get into the Eastern Baseball League.

The Union baseball umpires, Seward and Sullivan, claim that their salaries are in arrears.

Why have they not been paid? Is there no dust in the mill? Does the association lack a bank account?

It would not surprise me to find Indianapolis in the Union Association.

I am sure Mullane, the baseball revolver, is a slippery cuss, but he has one merit, and that is, when he has once signed he plays all he knows how for his club.

I understand Columbus citizens are very much disgruntled over the disbandment of their club, and talk of having a Union Association team.

They have had a taste of good baseball and don't like to come down to a semi-professional team.

I believe another constitution is to be written and published for the benefit, heaven save the mark, of the National Billiard Association. If the one or two members who are so anxious to railroad this piece of "diplomacy" through had to pay the expense out of their own pockets they would not be in such a hurry.

I understand that the recent Maggioli-Cole match at San Antonio, which was marked by some peculiar features, has been the subject of much comment in Southern billiard circles, and vague charges of crookedness have been made.

I believe the salary of the Bostonians will be several thousand dollars larger than it ever was.

I understand Prof. Thiebaud Bauer and Tom Cannon are matched to wrestle at New Orleans.

Now, John McMahon says if Dufur wants to wrestle for the championship, let him put up \$500 forfeit with Richard K. Fox.

Gen. Harding, of Tennessee, looks upon Luke Blackburn as the best sire on his great farm.

Fred. Archer, the champion jockey of England, has been presented with several fox-hounds, and he will hunt this winter.

Few owners have ever done so well in a single season as Mr. Hammond, and certainly none with so few horses.

John S. Prince has issued a challenge to ride a bicycle against any man in America from 1 to 20 miles, for \$500 a side.

John Hyland has resigned as trainer of the Preakee stable.

New Orleans will have one great sporting attraction during the exposition, for the St. John's rowing regatta, to be held on Lake Pontchartrain next May, promises to be a great success.

Nearly all the professional scullers have announced their intention of competing for the money prizes, and a big entry is assured from the leading amateur clubs of the country.

Although the most experienced authorities and managers North have suggested \$2,000 in prizes, the St. Johns have seriously decided to put up \$4,000 for professionals alone, besides handsome medals for amateurs. The programme has already been agreed upon. There will be four days' racing, two days for amateurs and two for professionals.

The professionals will have a single, double and four-oared race with a consolation single. These races will be divided up into heats according to the number of entries. The amateur programme is very attractive. It comprises a single, a double, a pair-oared race, a four-oared and an eight-oared race. The pair-oared race, in which each oarsman has a single oar instead of two as in the double and the eight-oared race will be specially novel, as they have not been seen in New Orleans before.

John Splan has left Commodore Kittson's employ. During the season now drawing to a close Splan has shown the

world what patience, pluck and skill will accomplish. He has driven some masterly races and has cut down the records.

Johnston goes into winter quarters with the great pacing record of 2:06 3/4, Minnie R., the ex-trotter, with a single-harness pacing record of 2:16 and a double-harness, running-mate record of 2:03 3/4, and Fanny Witherspoon with a trotting record of 2:16 3/4.

Capt. Bogardus recently threw out a sweeping challenge to all comers, and although not accepted, the following matches have been proposed to him, and in the event of his acceptance it is alleged that one of the following shooters will compete with him: Bandle Parker or McDuff, of Cincinnati; B. Teipel Greener or McGraw, of Covington, Ky.; T. Gastright or Du Bray, of Newport, Ky.

Match No. 1—Twenty-five single clay birds, 18 yards rise from five traps set at last notch; birds to be thrown at an angle of 35 degrees; American rules to govern.

Match 2—Twenty-five single clay birds, 18 yards rise, from five traps set at last notch; birds to be thrown at an angle of 35 degrees; English rules to govern.

Match 3—Twenty-five double birds, 15 yards rise, from five traps set at last notch; American rules to govern.

After all, Baltimore has not yet signed Bastian. His figures are too high—\$2,000 for the season.

Any athlete, no matter whether he is a runner, walker, bicycle-rider, or a pugilist, that will enter into an agreement to contend for a stipulated sum of money and after he is beaten or lost plead the gambling act and enter legal proceedings to recover his money, should be horsewhipped or lashed in a river.

I may be wrong, but it is my opinion that when two men deposit money and agree to contend for it neither has any claim upon the stakes until the contest has been decided, unless each mutually agree to withdraw the money from the stakeholder.

The referee's decision in all matches is final, and it is the duty of all stakeholders to pay over the stakes according to the decision rendered, no matter whether there is a protest lodged or not.

Tom C. Herbert, the English 10-mile runner, influenced Mr. Wheeler, of Cincinnati, to put up \$500 and match him to run Wm. Steele, the 10-mile champion of America, last April.

The race was to have been run at Blossburg, Pa., on May 3. The referee officially appointed did not suit Herbert, although he was the leading banker of Blossburg, and he refused to run and Steele was declared winner of the race.

Herbert came on to New York, and, like a crying baby, begged Richard K. Fox, the final stakeholder, to order the race to be run over again, claiming that he would have been beaten and probably killed if he had run.

Steele came on also and waived all claim to the stakes, and agreed to run Herbert if he would run for them. Herbert agreed to do so, on condition that Wm. E. Harding be the referee. A date was fixed and new arrangements made, but Herbert refused to run.

Steele was ordered to run over the course, and the referee declared Steele the winner, and the stakes were handed over to him by the stakeholder.

Since Herbert has entered legal proceedings to recover the stakes which he fairly lost.

Herbert's excuses were only blind subterfuges. He strained himself while training and was not able to run, and never intended to do so. He ran in a race at the telegraphers' games and was easily beaten.

Herbert is a disgrace to the profession. No one will run against him, and he is anxious to return to England, and expects to pay his expenses out of the money his banker fairly lost.

I understand that Nellie Burke, the female champion equestrienne, who is now in Meriden, Miss., met with a great loss.

She had the misfortune to lose a fine young horse by Ten Brock, an excellent fencer. He dropped dead on the track in a 10-mile race while ridden by Miss Kate Fisher.

I understand she will spend the winter at Pensacola or Jackson, Fla. Her season has been a long and most remunerative one.

I met Jacob Schaefer, the billiard champion, while he was on a flying visit to New York. He said he had arranged a match with George Stossion.

"Why don't you meet Sexton?" I remarked. "I will," said the great ivory ball manipulator. "I will give Sexton a chance at cushion-caroms, if in return the latter will give me a battle at the chalk-line game, 10-inch, 12-inch or 14-inch, each contest to be for \$500 a side, or more, if Sexton desires, and the two games to be played say fifteen days after I get through work in Chicago, or in February next, and in this city."

I have heard of great pedestrian feats, witnessed pedestrians accomplish wonderful feats at walking, but I think the performance said to have been accomplished in the town hall at Woodstock, Canada, Nov. 7 and 8, by George Tilley, is wonderful if true.

According to newspaper reports, I understand Tilley walked 120 miles, fair heel-and-toe, in 23 hours 44 minutes 21 seconds. He also, it is said, covered 135 miles in 27 hours.

Now, Tilley may have covered the distance, but it is doubtful, and I shall not accept the record until the performance is well authenticated.

If Tilley can cover 120 miles by fair walking on a track laid in a small town hall, he should be able to do so in Madison Square Garden. Richard K. Fox does not believe Tilley can accomplish the feat, and I understand he will give Tilley \$500 if he will repeat the performance in Madison Square Garden.

Tilley's alleged performance is the topic of conversation in Canada.

The suggestion that Edward Payson Weston might find it to his advantage to join in a four-weeks' effort with Vaughan, O'Leary and Edwards, the best representatives of heel-and-toe performers, does not seem to sit so pleasantly on the stomach of the father of the long-distance pedestrian revival as a light omelet.

He says: "I hate the sweepstakes business, which is only another name for gambling."

Although the game of lacrosse is a comparatively new field sport in England, still it has already obtained a firm footing among a people proverbial for their inherent love of mainly outdoor pastimes. In England there are now nearly a dozen lacrosse clubs. I think Canadians must bestir themselves if they wish to maintain their pre-eminence, in numerical strength at least, in what is recognized as the national game of Canada.

It is my opinion the increase in the number of clubs abroad may fairly be attributed to the visits made to the United Kingdom by Canadian professionals and last year's amateur team from the States.

The wheelmen of New York, Boston, Chicago and Buffalo talk of meeting in the last named city next summer and starting thence on a grand tour through Canada to visit the most picturesque part of that province.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter an reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

P. R., Chicago.—No

A. J., Philadelphia. No.

W. S., Toledo, Ohio.—No.

A. B. C., McKeesport, Pa. No.

G. W. P., Frankfort, N. Y.—Yes.

W. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—You lose.

A Reader, New York City.—Thanks for items.

G. D. M., Boonville, Ind.—Use 10-pound dumb-bells.

D. M., Pittsburg.—1. Either is correct. 2. Montague.

SPADES, Riverhead, N. Y.—1. Send your name. 2. Sixes.

J. S. H., Utica, N. Y.—At Buffalo, N. Y., on Nov. 23, 1872.

J. F. C., Harrisburg, Pa.—The steamer Drew is said to be.

S. L. J., Des Moines, Iowa.—One hundred and ninety pounds.

C. P. R., New York.—Yes. Slide was knocked over the ropes.

L. A., Bellevue, Mich. Tom Sayers was never in this country.

M. W., Boston.—It was in 1824. Doge, of Venice, won the Chester cup.

CONSTANT READER, New York.—In Templemore, Ireland, in 1831.

D. J., New Orleans, La.—A wins. Jem Mace never defeated Joe Coburn.

G. M., Rochester, N. Y.—Send 15 cents, and we will forward you the copy.

B. W., Peoria, Ill.—Jim Belcher was champion pugilist of England in 1803.

E. D., Boston, Mass.—John L. Sullivan is the champion pugilist of the world.

S. E., Houston, Tex.—Patsy Sheppard stands 5 ft 4 1/2 in in his stocking feet.

R. G., Eureka Springs.—If you made that specification when you bet then you win.

C. D., Peru, Ind.—Blondin first crossed the Niagara Falls on a cable June 30, 1859.

H. G., Louisville, N. Y.—The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, seats 2,572 persons.

T. J. B., Braceville, Ill.—We have not the address of Willis Brown, the pedestrian.

D. S., Toronto, Can.—When it is noon at Washington it is 8:58 A. M. at San Francisco.

JENNY NEWBORN, N. C.—The figure on the right-hand side represented John L. Sullivan.

W. J., Boston, Mass.—Maud S's time, 2:09 3/4, is the best trotting time for 1 mile on record.

R. S., St. Louis, Mo.—At the Middle Park sale in 1879 Blair Athol was sold for \$62,500.

L. D., Oglesby, Ill.—Write to the American News Co., 39 and 41 Chambers street, New York.

J. W., Latonia, Ky.—Jem Mace is in England. He is boxing with Pooley Mace in a circus.

P. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—No. Sullivan did not knock Laffin out, but he was declared the winner.

Q. E. S., Lowell, Mass.—In throwing off the tie the winner gets second and the loser third prize.

J. A., Terra Haute, Ind.—1. John Morrissey was born in Templemore, Ireland, in 1831. 2. No.

D. C., New York City.—John O. Heenan and Tom King fought at Wadhurst, England, on Dec. 10, 1863.

L. L., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Yes; forward us your picture. 2. Morrissey did defeat John C. Heenan.

J. B., Kansas City.—Troquois was the first and only American horse that ever won the English Derby.

B. O. D., Rockaway, N. Y.—1. No. 2. The sporting resort you refer to is now used for a shooting-gallery.

W. S., Toledo, Ohio.—Blaine's actual majority in Ohio was 15,357 over all competitors, therefore B wins.

B. M., Cleveland, Ohio.—Robinson received his share of the gate money, as Sullivan failed to knock him out.

G. G. W., Sing Sing, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. Sullivan and Ryan are to box in Madison Square Garden on Jan. 25, 1885.

W. M., Charleston, W. Va.—The picture on the right is Sullivan: the one on the left, with long coat, Greenfield.

J. B., Tompkinsville.—Morrissey weighed fully 30 lbs more than Sullivan the day they fought at Boston Four Corners.

D. A., Coal Bluff.—1. Bull-dogs average all weights up to 50 lbs. 2. Send on a forfeit if you want your challenge published.

W. S., Portsmouth, N. H.—In 1867 the Hon. Benjamin Wood won \$124,000 at faro from John Morrissey and closed his game.

R. E. P., Colorado City, Texas.—Any citizen born in the United States is eligible to become President of the United States.

B. P. K., Dover, Ohio.—The steamboat South America is credited with covering 26 miles in 1h on the Hudson river, New York.

J. W. S., Ypsilanti, Mich.—Minnie R., hooked with a running mate, on Oct. 3, at Chicago, paced, not trotted, a mile in 2:06 3/4.

L. M., Leadville, Col.—The Police Gazette was first issued in 1846. In 1848 it was the recognized sporting journal in America.

M. P., Fort Canby, W. T.—Yes. Howard jumped from a solid block of wood which was wedge-shaped, when he covered 29 ft 7 in.

R. M., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—To send money for mythical articles without knowing what you are buying is a risk you run with your eyes open.

JOHN DOWNS, Bethlehem, Henry Co., Ky.—We have no better means of judging than yourself. All we know is from what we see published.

C. H. W., Dakota City.—1. A wins. 2. The Republican plurality exceeded 11,000 in the October election, but the majority fell below 10,000.

W. G., Boston.—On Oct. 3, 1884, Johnston, the king of the pacers, reduced the pacing record from 2:10 to 2:06 3/4 at Dexter Park, Chicago.

D. M., Albany, N. Y.—1. Jack Randall never held the championship of England. 2. Sixes are high at poker dice unless mutually agreed otherwise.

D. G., Versailles, Ind.—1. We have not space to publish full particulars. 2. Sullivan's mode of training has already appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE.

CONSTANT READER, Atlanta, Ga.—It was on Oct. 5, 1853, that Yankee Sullivan and John Morrissey signed articles to fight for the championship of America.

S. A., Chester, Pa.—1. John L. Sullivan and Tug Wilson did not fight with bare knuckles. They fought with gloves. 2. The second glove contest did not take place.

J. B., Bridgeport, Conn.—1. John L. Sullivan is twenty-six years of age. 2. Charles Mitchell is twenty-three years of age. Alf Greenfield thirty-one years of age.

J. H., Denver, Colo.—Paddy Ryan never fought Jimmy Elliott. Prior to Paddy Ryan's match with Joe Goss Elliott challenged Ryan, but he gave Goss the first opportunity.

G. M., Chicago, Ill.—1. The decision of an umpire and referee in all contests is final, and settles all questions and disputes. 2. The umpire's decision you speak of was a correct one.

M. E., Pittsburg, Pa.—1. Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan fought according to the rules of the London prize ring. 2. Charles Rowell owns the Astley belt. He won it four times.

H. M., Columbus, Ohio.—It is not necessary to be a graduate of West Point to become an officer of the army. Non-commissioned officers and persons from civil life are frequently appointed.

M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—Hinda Rose, when only a yearling, trotted a mile at San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 24, 1861, in 2:36 3/4, and Bonita, when two years old, trotted a mile in 2:24 3/4, at San Francisco, Cal.

H. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—When the Police Gazette holds stakes on a foot-race they are given up on the referee's decision. We have nothing to do with the contestants' actions in losing or winning such contests.

J. L., Pueblo, Col.—The steamer Robert E. Lee beat the steamer Natchez from New Orleans, La., to St. Louis, Mo., having New Orleans at 4:55 P. M., June 30, and arriving at St. Louis, Mo., at 11:09 A. M., July 4, 1870.

A. Y. Z., Dowagiac, Cass Co., Mich.—There is no possibility of making any inquiry for you without name and address. Usually speaking, an anonymous correspondent is a worse fraud than any advertiser we ever came across.

MILK W. SHERIDAN, Provo City, Utah Co., Utah.—The only parties we know of by reputation in the line you name are those serving sentences in the State Prison, where they and all having

dealings with them ought to be for the remainder of their natural lives.

J. W., Selma, Ala.—Mrs. Wallace Ross is not a sister of Hanlan, as many suppose. Her maiden name is Hattie Flagler, and she is the daughter of Valentine Flagler, of St. John, N. B. At present she is with her husband in that city.

M. S., Hartford, Conn.—At the time Johnston, the pacer, beat the best time on record for pacing 1 mile (2:10) at Chicago, Oct. 3, 1884, the first quarter was made in 32s, the half in 1:03 3/4, the third quarter in 31 3/4s and the mile in 2:06 3/4.

C. S., Salmon Falls, N. H.—1. Joe Coburn fought a draw with Ned Price May 1, 1856; beat Harry Gribben, Nov. 18, 1857; beat Mike McCool May 5, 1863; fought a draw with Jem Mace Nov. 30, 1870. 2. Gus Hill is twenty-eight years of age.

M. M., Boston, Mass.—1. The Harvard College baseball nine won the baseball championship in 1878. 2. Con. Orem and John McArdle fought at Helena, M. T., Sept. 5, 1868. Orem won in 43 rounds in 1h 30m. 3. McArdle fought at 140 lbs.

D. S., Brighton, Mass.—1. There is only one champion pugilist of America, that is John L. Sullivan. 2. Only a contest in the orthodox 24-foot ring will settle whether Greenfield, Mitchell, Kilrain, Burke or McCaffrey is the next best to Sullivan.

N. M., Austin, Texas.—1. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring." Ryan and Sullivan fought 9 rounds in 11m. 2. Sullivan won first blood and first knock-down, but Ryan won first fall. 3. B wins, for there were two referees.

J. H., Chicago, Ill.—1. Tom Brock in a race against time at Louisville, May 24, 1876, when five years old, carrying 110 lbs, ran a mile in 1:39 3/4, but that was not in a race with other horses. 2. Edwards won the light-weight championship by defeating Sam Collyer.

R. D., Louisville, Ky.—1. Tom King and Jem Mace fought in the London Circuit, London, Eng., Jan. 28, 1862, for \$1,000. Mace won in 43 rounds, lasting 1h 30m. 2. The second battle between Mace and King was fought on Nov. 28, 1862, when King won in 18 rounds, lasting 38m.

J. C., Argentine, Kan.—Ned O'Baldwin and Jem Mace met in a ring Aug. 21, 1872, at Collier's Station, W. Va., to fight for \$2,000 and the title of champion pugilist of the world. A referee could not be agreed upon, and the stakes, held by Wm. McMullen, of Philadelphia, were withdrawn.

R. R., North Cambridge, Mass.—1. Billy McKeever was killed at the Chicago Driving Park on Sept. 22, 1866, while driving General Butler against Cooley. 2. It was on Nov. 8, 1867, that Jack Stewart attempted to trot 21 miles in 60m, but failed, at Boston, Mass. He completed 20 miles in 58m 5/4.

F. J. H., Baltimore, Md.—1. The first college boat-race between Yale and Harvard was rowed in eight-oared barges Aug. 3, 1862. 2. Hanlan was born in Toronto, Canada, July 12, 1855. 3. Chas. E. Courtney was born at Union Springs, N. Y., in 1849. 4. He stands 6 ft 1/2 in in height and weighs 173 lbs.

A. B., Plainfield, Wis.—1. The fight between Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers lasted through 26 rounds in 1h 35m. Edwards was supposed to have had the best of the battle when an alleged foul took place. 2. The articles confined both the men to 126 lbs, but both were under this weight when they fought.

M. G., Racine, Wis.—1. Johnston, the pacer, was rated a quitter. 2. It was owing to the fact that he came to his speed so fast that it taxed the muscular system to carry it. He has learned to stay and rate better with age and practice, and he now possesses a record, 2:06 3/4, which will not soon be wrested from him.

R. B., Pottsville, Pa.—1. Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan are to box in Madison Square Garden, New York, on Jan. 25. 2. Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan did not fight at New Orleans or in the State of Louisiana. The battle was fought in Mississippi City, Miss. 3. London prize ring rules, and not Queensberry, governed the contest.

M. H., Sacramento.—1. Chas. Freeman stood 6 ft 10 1/2 in in height and weighed 252 lbs. 2. He met Perry on Oct. 14, 1842, and fought 70 rounds in 1h 34m, when darkness interfered. 3. Freeman beat Perry Dec. 20, 1842, in 38 rounds, lasting 39m. 4. He died of consumption on Oct. 18, 1845, aged twenty-eight years, at Winchester Hospital.

A. A., Bay City, Mich.—1. Dexter, in a match against time for \$6,000, trotted a mile on the Fashion course, L. I., Oct. 10, 1865, in 2:18 1/5. 2. Robert Bonner, of the New York Ledger, owns Dexter. 3. He paid \$33,000 for him. 4. Dexter beat Stonewall Jackson in mile-heats for \$5,000 at the Fashion course, L. I., on June 26, 1865. 4. He paid \$40,000 for Maud S.

C. C. D., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. Tom Allen and Bob Travers never fought in the prize ring. 2. Patsy Reardon and Bob Travers fought for \$5,000 a side. 3. They met July 15, 1862, and contested 7 rounds, occupying 37m, when the police interfered and stopped hostilities. They met the following day and fought 53 rounds in 4h 5m, when Reardon was declared the winner.

D. M., Brownsville.—1. Patsy Reardon defeated Lass Smith, Bob Travers and Jim Dillon. Fought a draw with Smith, George King and Jack Rooke. 2. Reardon was matched to fight Shipp after the latter fought with Reardon and Shipp (forfeited) died while training to fight Reardon the second time. 3. Reardon did not fight in this country. He died at St. Louis, Mo.

A. D. S., Omaha.—1. The flag at the distance stand is controlled by the flag at or in the judges' stand. The one should not be dropped until the other is struck. 2. To insist otherwise is to make the holder of the distance-flag superior to the regularly appointed judge of the race. 3. If the presiding judge neglected to strike his flag, the distance-judge was not to blame.

S.



**Charles Lincoln.**

Charles Lincoln, whose fame as a manager of dog and horse shows is almost world wide, died at Leggett's Hotel, in this city, on the 2d inst., from pneumonia.

Mr. Lincoln was born in Darlington, Yorkshire, Eng., in 1812. When but a boy he evinced a strong love for field sports and domestic animals, and at the age of ten years began breeding the silky-haired Yorkshire terrier and fox terrier. His method of raising the latter breed produced a beautiful little animal, strong of limb, fleet of foot and game and resolute to a high degree. He became celebrated in this respect, and was known through that section of the country as an authority on dogs. When he was but twenty-one years old he was requested by the managers of the annual agricultural show at Darlington to promote and superintend a bench show of dogs to be held in connection with the annual exhibition. He did so, combining with his other duties those of secretary. The experiment proved so satisfactory that for several subsequent years he held the same office and was also made superintendent of the bench show at Bristol, Crystal Palace in London, Gateshead, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Hertford, Chesterfield, Normanton, Whitby, Manchester, Northenden and Liverpool.

In 1866 Mr. Lincoln arrived in this country. He had married and took his family to Detroit, Mich., settling there. He had amassed a competence and lived quietly in the Wolverine State until 1878, when he was called on to manage the bench show of dogs held in Philadelphia in connection with the Centennial Exposition. Since then he has managed every dog show of importance that has been held in this country, and his death will be a severe loss. The deceased was secretary and manager of the dog show which opens at the New Orleans Exposition on the 10th inst.

**Lost in the Swamp.**

Mrs. John Watacount and her twelve-year-old daughter, of Oconto, Wis., on the 22d ult., attempted to walk twelve miles while returning from the funeral of her mother's sister. The night was dark and cold, and they lost their way and were frozen to death in an extensive swamp surrounding Shawano Lake. When they did not return home much anxiety was felt, and searching parties were formed. At the end of a week the bodies of mother and daughter were discovered, frozen stiff.

**Dr. Horace Henderson.**

A genuine sensation was created in Syracuse, N. Y., on the 30th ult., by the arrest of Dr. Horace Henderson and his sister, Miss Addie Henderson, on the charge of unlawfully living together as man and wife. The charge is made by Mrs. Della E. Henderson, the doctor's wife, with whom he has not lived for several months. On her sworn statement a warrant was issued, and detectives took them into custody.

Both the doctor and Mrs. Henderson were former members of the Plymouth Congregational Church and moved in good society. A short time ago, however, his

**A BROADWAY GOOSE-HUNT.**

LIVELY TIMES THAT MADE THE FEATHERS FLY ON BROADWAY, AND AFFORDED MUCH SPORT TO THE COPS AND THE DUDES, BUT WAS ROUGH ON THE GESE.

**CHARLES LINCOLN,**

THE FAMOUS ORGANIZER OF DOG AND HORSE SHOWS, RECENTLY DECEASED.

**DR. HORACE HENDERSON,**

A SYRACUSE PHYSICIAN, AGAINST WHOM HIS WIFE MAKES SOME SERIOUS CHARGES.

were rescued only by the marvelous devotion to duty of a mere signal-man, who stayed at his post in order to secure their safety when he knew that to do so was to make a strong covenant with death. The story is rather an interesting one, and will bear retelling. Just below Peekskill, as the train dashed out of the tunnel it was brought to a stop by the warning of exploding torpedoes. Examination being made, it was found that an iron signal bridge and house had been hurled by the tempest upon the track, over which it had been suspended, and that underneath lay buried the signal-man. Being dug out alive, and after awhile recovering consciousness, he related how, feeling that the force of the wind would throw the structure on the line, he went up the road, set the torpedoes on the rails, then went back to his iron tower to set his danger signal, and that while doing so the bridge, tower and he were hurled to the track by the storm, he buried and held down by the wreck, into which the train would have rushed with deadly speed and certain destruction, for the outer rail was on a high bank which the deep river washed, if he had not sacrificed himself to his duty. That is one-half

the story; the other half is that the passengers, fired with magnanimity at seeing the crushed but still breathing wreck of this hero, collected for him or his widow and orphans the munificent sum of \$75. The report does not say they were trade dollars; we must assume they were, of course; but, if they were standard dollars, they will show how cheaply the givers value their lives. The Chicago express train is composed of never less than five passenger coaches; each coach seats about sixty passengers. Say, however, that there were only fifty-four persons in each coach, or 250 on the train. In that case it is apparent that each passenger valued his own life at about thirty cents, and that probably is what it was worth. Certainly, if we may judge of the value of the aggregate, 250 lives, it was infinitely less than that of a single drop of blood flowing from the wounds of the man that had sacrificed his own to save theirs.

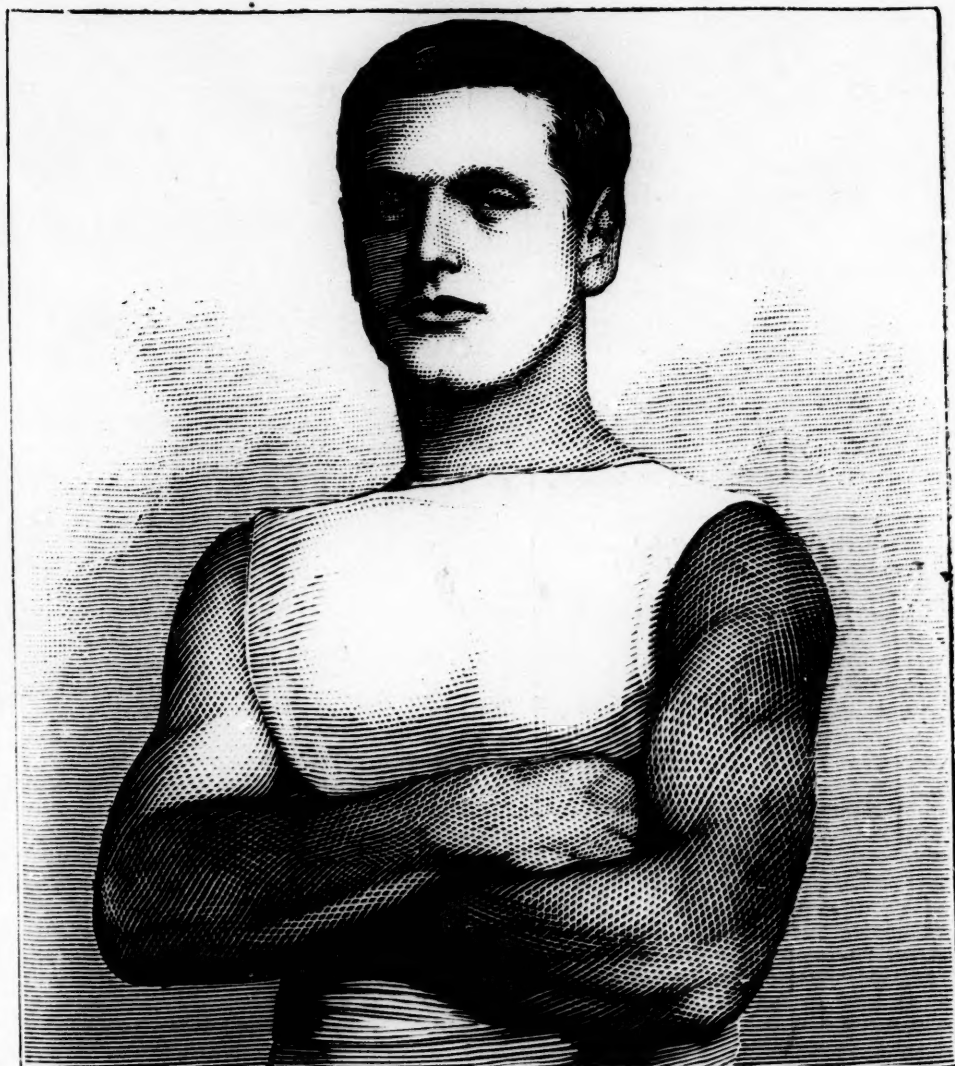
**LOST IN THE SWAMP.**

A MOTHER AND HER TWELVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER ARE LOST IN A SWAMP NEAR OCONTO, WIS., WHILE RETURNING FROM A FUNERAL, AND ARE FROZEN TO DEATH.





PAUL PATILLO.  
TORONTO'S LIGHT-WEIGHT FUGILIST.  
[Photo by John Wood.]



JAMES T. NORRIS,  
THE YOUNG NOVA SCOTIA OARSMAN.



MIKE MALLON.  
A RISING FUGILIST.



W. F. CAUSTIN,  
THE ILLINOIS PEDESTRIAN.  
[Photo by John Wood.]



## MEDICAL.

## ERRORS OF YOUTH.

## SUFFERERS FROM

Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood,

BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R-Cocain (from Erythroxylon coca), 1/2 drachm.  
Jerusalem, 1/2 drachm.  
Helonias Dioica, 12 drachm.  
Gelsemin, 8 grains.  
Ext. Ignatie amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.  
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.  
Glycerin, q. s.

Mix.  
Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

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